

FIFTY-SECOND IOWA IN DIXIE--Illustrated.

VOLUME X

SEPTEMBER, 1898

NUMBER 3

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY

JOHNSON · BRIGHAM · · · ·
EDITOR ·



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CHIOSTRO DELLA SS. ANNUNZIATA LA MADONNA DEL SACCO.

*You must serve
For each of the five pictures we require:
... So! keep looking so —*

*Oh, so sweet —
My face, my moon, my everybody's moon
Which everybody looks on and calls his!
You smile? Why, there's my picture ready
made,
There's what we painters call our harmony!*

*And that cartoon, the second from the door
—It is the thing, Love! So such things should
be —
Behold Madonna!*

*No sketches first, no studies, that's long past:
I do what many dream of all their lives
—Dream? Strive to do, and agonize to do,
And fail in doing.*

*You don't know how the others strive
To paint a little thing like that you smeared
Carelessly passing with your robes afloat.*

*Their works drop groundward, but themselves,
I know,
Reach many a time a heaven that's shut to me,
Enter and take their place there sure enough,
Though they come back and cannot tell the
world.
My works are nearer heaven, but I sit here.*

—From Browning's Andrea del Sarto.



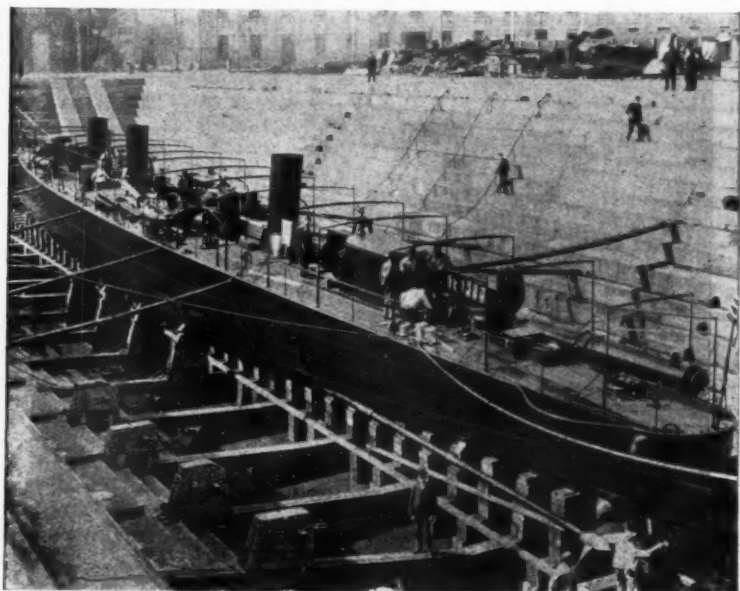
S. GIOVANNINO (Andrea del Sarto.)

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DUPONT, LATEST TYPE OF TORPEDO BOAT.

GROWTH OF THE AMERICAN NAVY.

BY MINNA IRVING.

THE American Navy was born in 1775 when General Washington fitted out several vessels to cruise along the New England coast as privateers, and Congress established a naval department consisting of a fleet of swift sailing vessels manned by intrepid seamen with the fire of liberty burning in their hearts. They boldly haunted every avenue of commerce, and even cruised among the British Isles, where, with consummate daring, they entered harbors and seized and burned ships lying at the wharves.

In three years this dauntless little fleet captured and destroyed five hundred ships. The names of only three

vessels of the Continental Navy seem to have been preserved, the *Bonhomme Richard*, commanded by Paul Jones, the *Pallas*, and the *Alliance*, the latter having for its captain the treacherous Landis, who fired into the *Richard* during a battle with the British *Serapis*, September 23, 1775, in the hope that the *Richard* might thus be disabled and obliged to withdraw from the fight, and the glory of capturing the *Serapis* be entirely his own. The *Richard*, however, though old and rotten, with water pouring into the hold, and three times on fire, continued to fight until the British ship struck its colors, when Commodore Jones trans-

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ferred his gallant crew from his fast-sinking vessel to the captured frigate, and sailed triumphantly away.

There is no record of any additions having been made to the navy for a

Constitution, which lives in every American heart as "Old Ironsides," and was the progenitor of the Olympia and the Iowa, spread the snow of her canvas to the ocean breeze, and swept



COMMODORE SCHLEY.

number of years after the Revolution, though in 1801 the Philadelphia was sent with a fleet to bombard Tripoli, and brave Lieutenant Decatur won his laurels.

In the war of 1812 the glorious frigate

down the Massachusetts coast one sultry August morning to victorious battle with the British Guerrière. When the fight was over, and the English ship had surrendered, it was found to be too badly damaged to be towed into port,



LIEUT. VICTOR BLUE,

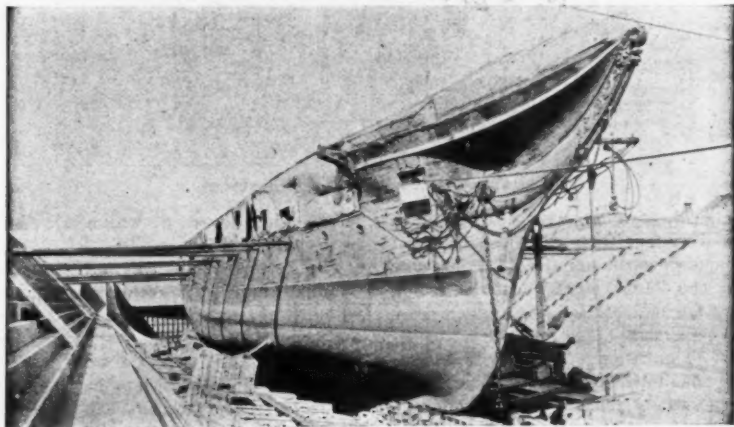
Who made the perilous journey of seventy-two miles through the Cuban jungle to locate Cervera's fleet.

but Old Ironsides had suffered little from the enemy's guns, and in a few hours was ready for another battle.

On October 13th of the same year the little sloop-of-war, *Wasp*, engaged the English brig *Frolic*, and fought her bigger antagonist so fiercely that when our sailors boarded the *Frolic* they found her colors still flying, as there was no one left to haul them down, the only one uninjured being the man at the helm.

Perry's Lake Erie squadron of nine vessels and his brilliant victory are matters of history too well known to need more than passing mention here. But few commanders ever prepared for battle under more discouraging circumstances. He was obliged to repair his little fleet with timber hewn from the forest-trees, before entering into combat.

From this time until the civil war the navy was allowed to decay. It received no attention from the government,



ADMIRAL FARRAGUT'S HISTORIC OLD FLAGSHIP, HARTFORD, BEING REFITTED IN THE DRY DOCK AT MARE ISLAND.

and Old Ironsides and her sister ships dropped apart piecemeal at old wharves and were forgotten.

The firing of the first shot on Fort Sumter found our entire navy composed of only forty-two ships, out of which there was only one efficient vessel on the whole northern coast. But its growth was very rapid during the years of the war, and when peace was

but only stout oak planking protected her from the enemy's fire. She nobly stood the pounding of shot and shell. But even while her famous battle with the Alabama thrilled all hearts, she was being superseded by the iron-sheathed monster, New Ironsides, which was bombarding Fort Sumter and silencing the batteries of Fort Fisher at a range of only six hundred



LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER POTTER, OF THE NEW YORK.

declared, it numbered two hundred and sixty-four ships, of which the most famous were the gallant old Kearsarge and the Monitor, the last of which gave her name to a class of vessels more powerful than anything else afloat to-day. The iron-clad man 'o' war was also born in the rebellion. The Kearsarge was a frigate, sailing under a forest of slender spars and tapering masts, and a cloud of gleaming canvas,

yards—the closest at which a vessel ever engaged a fort.

The New Ironsides was built by the Cramps, and was the crude model upon which the queenly Iowa and the majestic Oregon of to-day's navy have been constructed, and the only injury received by her in twenty battles was the loss of a port shutter. She carried both sail and steam, as did all our modern cruisers, until a very recent



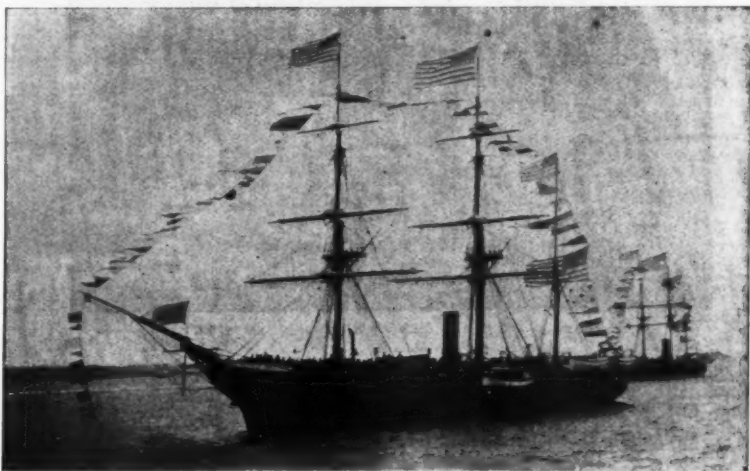
JOHN DAVIS, OF THE MARBLEHEAD,
Who helped cut the cable at Cienfuegos, in the face of certain death.

command of Sampson and Schley, the Ironsides was a very clumsy affair; but in her day she was considered a remarkable achievement of the ship-builder's art, and she certainly inaugurated a new era in naval warfare.

The fleet of square, ugly gunboats that poured their broadsides into Fort Donelson from the Cumberland River, in February, 1862, have been perfected in the trim and beautiful Helena, which has been using her guns to such good purpose on the Spaniards lately. Of all the types of the war-time navy of 1860-65, the Monitor alone has retained its original form, and the Monterey and Monanock to-day present much the same appearance as did the little vessel which the Confederates so contemptuously dubbed "the Yankee cheese-box," but

date, and with a fair wind made only eleven knots an hour. Compared with the magnificent battleships under the

which, by her victory over the iron-clad Merrimac, decided the fate of the war. There was nothing in the civil war



THE KEARSAGE—QUEEN OF THE REBELLION NAVY.

corresponding to the modern torpedo boat which has figured so largely in the conflict around Cuba, and of which the Dupont and the Porter are the most successful types.

The ships of the new navy have been

by the projectiles of the foe. The Newark was the last of the modern cruisers to be furnished with both sail and steam.

Of the old frigates only a few are left, the Lancaster, the New Hamp-

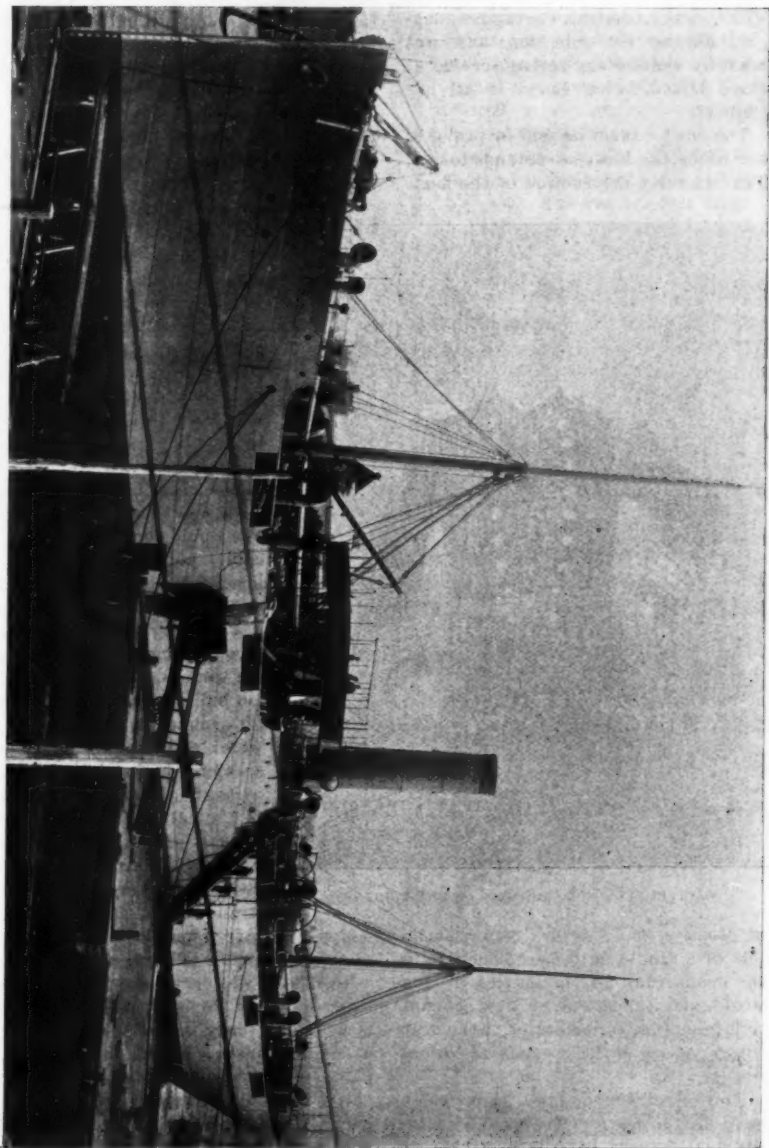


CAPTAIN FRENCH E. CHADWICK, OF THE NEW YORK.

gradually stripped of sail, and the old frigate with her royals and stays has been replaced by vessels like the New York, clothed in steel, bristling with great guns, and with not a superfluous inch of wood about her to be splintered

shire (which served as a training ship at the Newport Torpedo station until handed over to the Naval Reserves for a practice ship), the Vermont, now a receiving ship at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, the Independence, which is

U. S. COLLIER HERRIMAC, SUNK IN THE MOUTH OF SANTIAGO BAY.



serving in the same capacity at Mare Island, and the historic old Hartford, which was Admiral Farragut's flagship during the rebellion, and was recently refitted for active service at Mare Island, being sound in all her timbers.

Too much cannot be said in praise of the American Navy as it stands to-day. The masterly destruction of the fleets

how the daring sailors from the Marblehead cut the cable at Cienfuegos in an open boat and under a terrible fire. No deed of heroism that has been done since our fleet has been thundering at the gates of Cuba called for greater coolness and courage than this. One of these heroes, John Davis, is now at the Marine Hospital in the Brooklyn Navy Yard with a leg shattered by Spanish bullets, and from his lips I heard the thrilling account of the cutting of the cable.

"When Captain McCalla called for volunteers to cut the cable," he said, "we all wanted to go, and when he had picked out the men who were to do it, he said to us, 'Boys, you must remember you are going to almost certain death.' But we answered with a cheer. We would cut away at the cable, pick up our rifles, load, fire, lay them down and go to work at the cable again, many of us with the blood running down from our wounds, while the Spanish bullets flew thick as hail all around us, striking the water and sending up the spray in our faces."

He showed me a section of the cable; it was about as thick as the cylinder of a .42 calibre revolver, and resembled it with its five strands of galvanized wire

bound with tarred manila yarn. It was as cleanly cut as a jelly-roll sliced with a knife, and was very heavy.

Brave Sailor Davis is an American; is not yet twenty, and is very modest over his heroism. He still suffers great pain from his wound, moves with difficulty, and will probably be lame for life. All honor to him, and to those who were his companions in the little open boat at Cienfuegos! It was of such



CAPTAIN FREDERICK RODGERS, OF THE PURITAN.

of Montijo and Cervera without the loss of a single ship, has placed it in the front rank of the navies of the world, and it does not need a prophet to foresee the United States, in the near future, as one of the great naval powers of the earth.

The loss of life has been marvelously small in the navy, but the acts of individual bravery have been great. It will thrill future generations to read



CAPTAIN ROBLEY D. EVANS, OF THE IOWA.

stuff that the old Continentals were made when they starved and suffered and fought, and left their footprints in blood upon the snow, for freedom's sake.

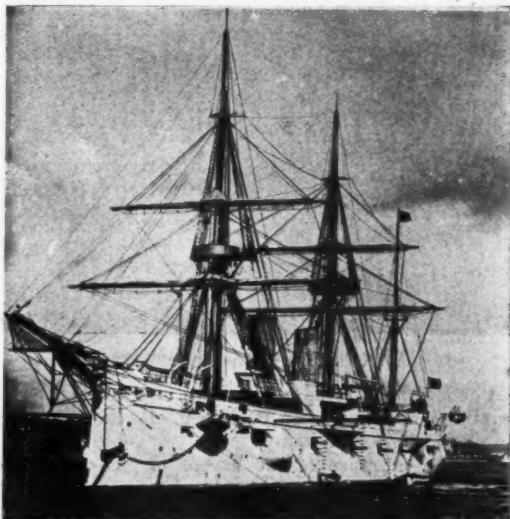
Another interesting leaf in American history was the sinking of the collier Merrimac at the narrow mouth of Santiago harbor on June 3d, by gallant Lieutenant Hobson and his devoted crew of seven.

The Merrimac was originally a tramp steamship, was formerly the Solveig, and built in 1894 by Swan & Hunter at Newcastle-on-Tyne, for a Norwegian firm. She was wrecked a few months ago on the Atlantic coast, was bought at an underwriter's sale

by a ship broker in New York, for \$48,000, repaired at a cost of between forty and fifty thousand dollars, and employed in the coastwise trade. At the breaking out of the present war she was offered to the government but refused by the Naval Board, and later on was again inspected in Baltimore and bought at a cost of \$342,000. She was 330 feet long, forty-four feet in breadth, and eighteen feet in molded depth.

When the Merrimac steamed for the entrance to the harbor the boat in which Hobson intended to escape was ready on the port side of the ship, as it was arranged that she was to be turned so that the starboard side was presented to the harbor. For the benefit of inland readers I will explain that the port and starboard sides of a ship correspond to the right and left of a human being, so it will readily be under-

stood that when the Merrimac's helms-



U. S. S. NEWARK,

Last protected cruiser to be fitted with sail power.

man made a mistake and steered the ship to the left instead of the right, the port side was turned in, and Hobson and his intrepid crew were caught in a trap, and captured.

The Navy has been nobly aided by the Army in the war in Cuba, and the soil of Santiago has been baptized with Yankee blood. One of the first men to

cruisers, Infanta Maria Theresa and Almirante Oquendo, the pride of the Spanish Navy. Beyond is the Vizcaya, a mass of ruins, her boilers, engines, bunkers, and magazines blown into unrecognizable masses of twisted and melted iron. Parts of her protected deck are still standing, strewn with exploded shells, burned rifles and revolvers, and pieces of yellow brass work and gold and silver coin melted and run together by the intense heat. Forty-two miles away the Cristobol Colon lies on her side with her smoke-stacks under water. And over all this territory the black vultures hover with clamorous wings, and rows of buzzards sit along the beaches or on the black rocks waiting for the sea to give up its dead. By Admiral Sampson's orders a trench was dug in the sand and over a hundred of the enemy's dead, taken from the wrecks or washed up by the tide, were interred, and the spot was marked by a very large wooden cross, rudely made from the wreckage. But the horrible stench of decaying humanity pollutes the air for miles, and every tide brings up charred and blackened rem-



BATTLESHIP OREGON IN PORT ORCHARD DRY DOCK.

set foot in the crimson trenches at Santiago was Trumpeter Bernhelm, of the Ninth U. S. Infantry.

At the entrance of the harbor of Santiago lies the Reina Mercedes; visible from the sea a few miles further on, in an inlet between two great black rocks that reach half a mile into the ocean, lie the remains of the twin

nants of Spanish sailors. The Maine is indeed avenged, and the stars and stripes of Old Glory glitter in the hot breeze on sea and shore. The weary soldiers of Shafter's army are thinking of home, and out in the fleet with Sampson and Schley—Schley, the idol of the hour—the tired sailors sleep by their guns with a peaceful sense of duty well done.



RESIDENCE OF F. C. HUBBELL.

ARCHITECTURE IN IOWA'S CAPITAL CITY. II.

BY ERNEST EDWARD CLARK.

THE building that was done in this country prior to the revolution had some features which were common to all sections. They were so closely adhered to in Virginia, as in New England, as to earn for the work of that period a name which is still found useful. The "Colonial" is not strictly an original architectural style, but the ideas which came over the water were so widely adopted, honestly worked out to fit the needs of that time, and persisted in through such a number of years, that it came to recognition as the peculiar work of the American colonists. It seems clear that the English builders who came to America about that time, were thoroughly trained in the classic forms, and that they faithfully applied them to the houses which the wealthier colonists were erecting. After the Roman fashion, they built such structures as their needs demanded and used the classic detail in the way of ornamentation, chiefly about the openings. Classic columns flanked the doorways and carried a classic entablature and pediment. Even when the houses were of brick a wooden porch

with Grecian detail marked the entrance. The column was so much in favor that it was frequently carried through two stories. The houses were generally of ample proportion; a large hall, in which a stairway of easy and graceful construction led the way to upper stories, ran through the center. They had a simple roof covering a wide-spread gable, pierced with dormers and crowned with a cupola or balustrade. The architectural work of that time was modest and restrained, there was no exaggeration or pretension of display, and still bears upon its front the air of refinement which does not pass away with the lapse of years.

The returning regard for the classical spirit in modern work is a hopeful indication of an improving popular taste. No one now builds just such a house as his grandfather's grandfather did, but many take pleasure in adapting some of the features of the buildings of that period to present use. The man who gives the freest rein to the colonial influence is apt to approach the most closely to the goal of artistic success.

Mr. Fred C. Hubbell, on the northern side of Grand avenue, has set in a grove of noble elms a house modeled upon colonial lines, which is an ornament to the city. If it had been designed in colonial times that part of the house west of the hall—the front being towards the south—would probably have been brought flush with the rest of the front, the gable looking south would have disappeared and given place to some sort of an entablature and pediment in the middle of the roof, the gables to the east and west would have been long and wide, and the attic carried up in the old time amplitude. It is likely, too, that the carriage porch, if it had been thought of, would have shown longer columns and less of brick work. It is a thoroughly modern house and does not slavishly follow the fashion of the last century, but has preserved the colonial spirit in the entire design, and its detail in many features. The beautiful fluted columns with rich Ionic capitals which support the roof of the veranda and are repeated elsewhere,

the western window of the front with its semi-circular head and its low and broad side light, the unique designs of some of the window panes, and the oval and half-oval window openings, the garland ornament over the second story window, the dormer in the roof and the railing above the roof-line unite with the general plan to show forth that classic air of refinement and restraint which so well becomes a home. be it ancient or modern. The photograph hardly does justice to this very pleasing house, and fails to bring out the best of the charming grounds that surround it.

The roof of a house is of no less importance than its walls. Indeed, to the passer-by who is on the lookout for artistic effect, the roof of a detached dwelling is apt to determine, more than anything else, whether the place is worthy of a second look. When it carries the lines of the wall on either side up to a union at a point well centered over the mass below, when it makes the mass approximate the form



RESIDENCE OF E. C. FINKBINE.

suggested by a pyramid, when, its expanse is thrown boldly into view, when the roof lines running from lower gables and from dormers are well carried into the main roof, the eye is charmed by the continuity of the outline and the unity of the structure. When, on the contrary, it is cut up by numerous points and projections, carried to the same or nearly equal height and each one surmounted with trivial ornament, when it breaks off into elevations which have no connection with the main roof, and

lying roof lines are absorbed. Those which join it from the gables and wings are kept subordinate to its highest reach and help to magnify its importance. The roof is helped to prominence by its covering of red slate, and to the skyline the massive chimneys give life and variety. It would not seem a difficult thing to put a strong and satisfactory roof above a house, yet if one after a study of this house will pursue his way up and down the streets, with its lesson well in mind, he will be aston-



HERNDEN HALL—RESIDENCE OF J. S. POLK.

whose lines do not lead up to or run into it, it seems that the architect has frittered away his best opportunity for making a favorable impression.

Mr. J. S. Polk's house on Grand avenue affords about the best example of a well-designed roof to be seen in Des Moines. It is even better than it appears to be in the photograph. The best view of it is had from a point further west than the camera was able to get. It rises over the central part of the building in a well disposed mass and attains a height into which the out-

ished to see in how many cases the builder has deprived his work of all interest by the failure to even try to do it.

An ample veranda surrounds this house. The slope of its covering, though not on the same angle as the main roof, helps it by a further suggestion of the pyramidal form, and carries on, after a little break, the roof lines to a point within easy reach of the ground. This passer-by of ours might be willing to part with some of it on the north in exchange for a closer view of



RESIDENCE OF CAPT. W. N. JOHNSTON.

the first story walls. He has, however, in the front of the massive *porte cochere*, a glimpse of that charming red and buff Dunreath stone, which lends itself so kindly to the enrichment of Des Moines homes.

This house has such ample size, such pleasing proportions and such an attractive outline, as to make it a source of pleasure to others than its owner. It commands from its eastern and southern

exposures a beautiful view of the river and valley, and is set in grounds of considerable extent, to which the natural disposition of trees and shrubbery lends an added charm when the summer dresses them in green.

Residences built in recent years in Des Moines, as a rule show more dependence upon good material, careful workmanship and harmony in propor-



GOTHIC HOUSE AT SIXTH AND PARK.

tion, than upon multitude of "features" and profusion of ornamentation for exterior effect. Good taste in architecture, as in other lines of artistic work, protests against ornament applied for its own sake alone, and seems to demand that decoration be applied to emphasize construction. This suggestion has been heeded in the design of the house of Mr. Edward Finkbine on Grand avenue. There is no better building material available than the pressed brick, of which it is constructed. A dark brown stone has been used for ornament, which har-

in perfect keeping with the unobtrusive character of the decoration, clings closely to its walls, and avoids that excessive overhanging which sometimes excites a fear for the safety of that member. One notes in this cornice the good effect of the line of simple dental ornament which it carries. A little more freedom in decoration may be noted in the dormer, but the rule that the ornament is to be part of the construction, and not merely stuck on, is still borne in mind.

Upon the eastern side, which does not clearly appear in the photograph,



RESIDENCE OF EDWARD A. TEMPLE.

monizes well with the deep red of the walls. It appears with a rough face in the foundation, in rounded columns supporting the veranda roof, and again in modest window-caps and sills. Huge newels of the same stone stop the walls which guard the entrance steps. Upon them, as well as upon the window-caps, is cut a quiet diaper pattern. The columns have capitals of Romanesque spirit, which indeed pervades the whole structure, and depend upon form alone, without ornate carving, for effect. The window-caps are set flush with the walls and the cornice,

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one notes how good an effect may be had from a wise disposition of the walls and openings with almost no dependence upon ornament. The gable is both high and broad, and its well arranged openings do not disturb the expanse of brick wall which is exposed. Upon the square bay is a round-topped loggia, and the general aspect, as one approaches from the east on the southerly side of the avenue, suggests that of the ample and hospitable home of the Colonial period.

The home of Captain Johnson at Twenty-first and North, is a good



THE GILBERT COTTAGE.

example of the modern dwelling. Its proportions are pleasing, the openings thoughtfully disposed, and there is displayed a sufficient extent of wall to insure repose and permanence. The design illustrates the freedom which a scholarly architect may use in declining to follow any one of the recognized schools, and from how many different sources he may get suggestions which can be worked into his plan in a harmonious way. The narrow cornice on the front gable suggests a German finish, the graceful ornament over the triple windows of the front and side, came no doubt from the Renaissance, the division of the windows is characteristic of the Romanesque, the ornament of the balcony over the porch is Gothic in spirit, while the brackets below are such as we were wont to see when the fashion known as Queen Anne was in vogue. No one of these details is at war with the other. They unite in giving graceful finish to the design and in imparting an air of refinement to a solid and enduring structure.

There are many people in Iowa's

capital city who are impatient for the time when it shall have passed the point of striving for a hundred thousand people and shall have a place among the great cities. When that time comes, they, or others, will be looking back with regret to the times when land was so cheap that one could escape living in a row and could have a modest home with a bit of lawn and a few healthy trees about his home.

Thanks to a well-devised street-car system, the homes of Des Moines have not been congested within narrow limits, but have scattered over the hills and retained for themselves ground enough to give room for light and air and shrubs and trees. When in such pleasant surroundings is set so attractive and handsome a home as Mr. Temple has built on Ninth street, there is seen one of the compensations of which dwellers in the smaller cities may avail themselves. The mass of this house, leading up as it does, to a well defined center, is very pleasing.

The outline of a well designed house as it appears against the sky on a dull

day, or in the dusk of evening, when detail and ornament disappear, and broad lines only stand out, is, when one is in the right mood, a source of pleasurable emotion. As one delights in the music of a band when at a little distance the separate instruments lose their peculiarities in a harmonious volume of melody, so it is that pure form without elaboration will often convey the spirit of such a work of art as a building to the observing eye. This house, set in the midst of vigorous and graceful trees, has in its general outlines this picturesque effect. It bears upon its front a mark which will fix its form upon the memory so that it will retain a vision of the rounded roof which projects in a very vigorous way from the main one to cover the front part of the second story

Unique, picturesque and homelike are the adjectives which come readiest to the tongue when one undertakes to describe it.

Des Moines owes much of its attractiveness to the fact that such a goodly

number of its oaks and elms which originally crowned its hills remain.

The view one gets of it from the hills south of the 'Coon river on a summer day, consists largely of a mass of leaves broken by an occasional gable or roof, or by an ambitious spire. These masses break up upon a closer approach and the houses come out, each upon its own ground. There are, however, in the environs a number of attractive bits of lawn and woodland.

The Gilbert cottage in the western part of the city, is set in one of these. From the avenue the surface of the ample grounds descends into a shaded hollow, and then rises toward the building spot in so pleasing a way as to charm the eye which delights in the curve of beauty, whether it be in landscape or elsewhere. This curve of the surface eludes the camera which has caught for us a picture of the cottage and its immediate surroundings. No one can be unconscious of the charm of the wide-spreading oaks which frame the vine-clad cottage, whose simple and quiet roof line, modest gables and



RESIDENCE OF D. W. CORLEY.



ST. HELEN'S—HOME OF MAJ. S. H. M. BYERS.

square-topped chimney, are quite enough to warrant us in recognizing the good taste of the designer and builder.

There was a time when the architect was too important a personage to concern himself with the modest homes in which the people lived. Nothing less ambitious than a cathedral or a palace could command his talent. Is it not one of the signs of the growing importance of the universal man, that some of the most accomplished scholars and artists have devoted themselves to designing and adorning the homes which any of us may have?

The house which Mr. Krauth Witmer has built on Ridge Road, while not an expensive one, has something of that charm which an artistic bit of design always affords. It is difficult to put in words the source of that feeling of satisfaction which a view of this house gives one. Does it come from the graceful arches of the veranda and the shingle spandrel between? Is it the long sweep

of the roof with the charming succession of rafter ends which protrude to make the cornice? Has the contrast of the buff of the clapboards, the dark green of the shingles and the white of the finish, anything to do with it? Or does it lie in the harmonious proportion of the design and the absence of applied decoration?

Perhaps after all it is not worth the effort to decide, for so pleasing a house is not to be blamed if it chooses to conceal its mystery from the prying eye of the curious.

The house which Major S. H. M. Byers has built for himself on the site overlooking a wide valley through which the river takes its sinuous way, is altogether unique. No one would be surprised to learn, after seeing it, that the Major and his accomplished wife had spent many years abroad and had absorbed artistic fancies which are foreign to homestayers. There is in it a suggestion that this charming home must be in design a bit of an European castle, all the more striking because

set on the side of an Iowa hill. It is built of brick so well burned that the passing of years will not affect them, and aside from the small stone column seen on an upper corner, the ornament is of the same material. One of Des Moines' young architects one day hit upon the happy expedient of making a "rock faced" brick by striking off the smooth side and exposing the roughness that remained. These clipped bricks have been built into the walls of this house in a somewhat irregular way with excellent results. They add a suggestion of strength and their deeper color and the delicate effect of light and shade upon the roughened surface gives interesting variety to the wall of which they form a part. The one-story extension was not an afterthought, but was care-

fully planned for in order to provide room for an extended gallery in which the interesting collection of paintings and old time furniture with which their home abounds, might be fittingly displayed. This room is the commanding feature of the house. The whole design is a good illustration of the personality which appears in house-building when one starts out to build to suit his particular needs, and to indulge his own fancy. If more of that kind of building were done that tiresome monotony which characterizes most of our cities and towns would largely disappear. The photograph does not disclose, of course, the ample porches which adorn the river side of this home, from which a most delightful view of wood and water and city may be had.

A CRY FROM THE DEPTHS.

BOUND! Manacled by hopeless pain I lie,
And ever creeping nearer, pace by pace,
Slow, lingering, relentless Death draws nigh,
Unheeding how I shrink from his embrace.
O, would kind heaven a thunderbolt bestow,
And crush my feeble life at one swift blow.

Useless to struggle, rave, or cry aloud;
No earthly power nor effort can avail;
Helpless, as though already in my shroud;
While haunting fears my trembling soul assail.
E'er drifting outward t'wards that boundless sea,
In terror and alone, dread Death, with thee.

No phantom, this grim monster at my side
Which waits, with hideous patience, for his prey;
His cold clutch freezing life's impetuous tide,
Gloating in ghoulish greed long day on day.
O Christ, who suffered death for such as I,
Release me by thy power! Help me to die!

Louise J. Strong.

THE FIFTY-SECOND IOWA IN DIXIE.

BY ELIZABETH SCOTT MCCULLOCH.

OVER two months have passed since the Fifty-second Iowa Volunteer Infantry went into camp in the old historic park at Chickamauga. After a month at Camp McKinley at Des Moines, the boys were all eager for a change; and it was with joyous hearts they took up their journey to the South.

Across the prairies of Iowa and Illinois and through the State of Indiana the boys were heartily cheered and the ovations tendered showed the patriotic spirit of the people of the Middle-West.

The journey through the Southern States was one of interest to the Iowa boys, who had seen little of the wild, rugged scenery of mountain regions; and as their train passed through some of the most beautiful scenery of the South, past shelving rocks, through miles of tunnels and timber land, the ever-changing scenes were witnessed with pleasure. Such a change from the rolling prairies of their native State! The country was more broken, the verdure heavier. The most picturesque woodland scenery in that part of Tennessee through which they traveled,

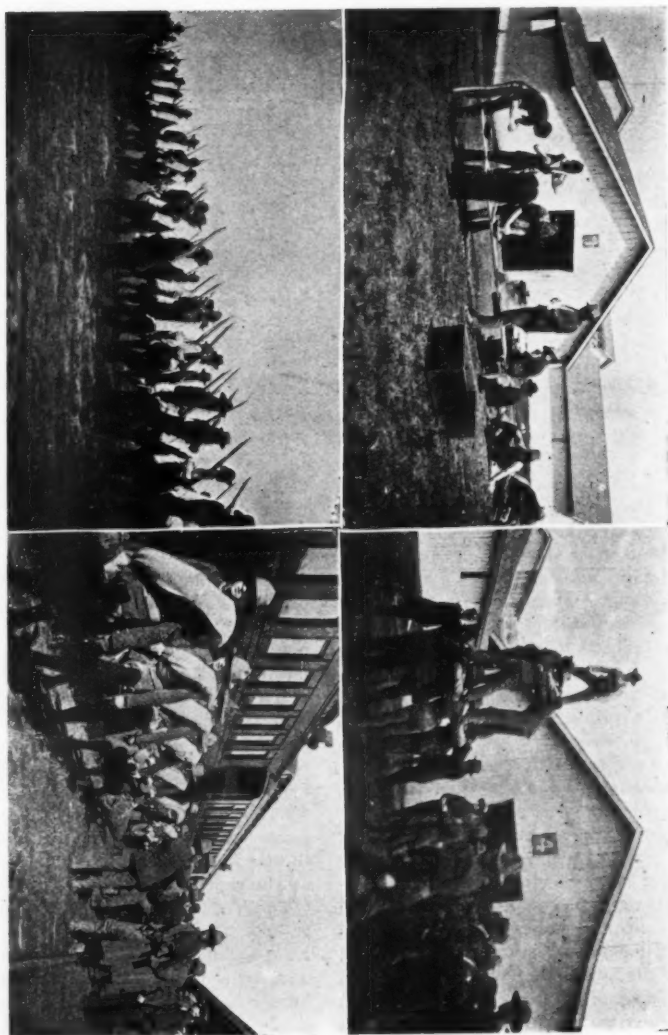
was along the Emory River, which was in sight from the train for miles. Back from the river were seen a part of the Blue Ridge Mountains; the last rays of the setting sun falling upon them brought forth their dark outlines against the clear evening sky.

All the pleasures of the journey to the Southland soon ended, and the Fifty-second Iowa went into camp at Chickamauga—not as members of the Iowa National Guard, as they had been at Des Moines—but as United States soldiers. The regiment is composed largely of companies from Northwestern Iowa towns. They are Company A, Mason City; B, Perry; C, Webster City; D, Hampton; E, Hull; F, Algona; G, Fort Dodge; H and L, Sioux City; I, Boone; K, Emmetsburg; and M, of Cherokee.

Amid a forest of pine trees the regiment is encamped, in the southeast portion of this historic park of 5,000 acres. An ideal camping ground where the history of daring deeds becomes almost a living experience; where even the trees and grass seem to bring forth



COMPANY M, CHEROKEE, ON INSPECTION.



FIFTY-SECOND IOWA AT CAMP MCKINLEY, DES MOINES. MORNING ABLUTIONS—EVENING RECREATION. ON THE MARCH, LEAVING DES MOINES FOR DIXIE.

patriotic sentiments; where war is intensified in its realities; and the history of the place is enough to inspire patriotism in the hearts of civilians as well as soldiers.

The staff and field officers of the regiment are:

Colonel—Wm. B. Humphrey.

Lieutenant-Colonel—Isaac R. Kirk.

Majors—Sanford J. Parker, Otto Hile, Wm. A. Kirk.

Adjutant—First Lieutenant Fred A. Hills.

Major and Surgeon—Andrew C. Bergen. Assistants: Lieutenant and Surgeon—Van Buren Knott; Lieutenant and Surgeon—Frank J. Murphy.

Quartermaster—Wm. E. G. Saunders.

Battalion Adjutants—Norman P. Hyatt, Edwin H. Brown.

Chaplain—Ebenezer S. Johnson.

The regiment is brigaded with the First Maine and the First Mississippi, and is a part of the Third Army Corps. The main portion of the time was spent in drilling under the scorching rays of the Southern sun. Colonel Humphrey, of Sioux City, is in command of the regiment and his untiring efforts to make the regiment the best in the camp have won for him the love of his soldiers and the admiration of the people at home. It is a well authenticated fact that the Fifty-second Iowa excelled all other regiments in Camp Thomas.

On the 9th of August occurred the greatest military spectacle witnessed in this country since the Sixties, it being the review of all the troops stationed at Chickamauga, General Breckinridge acting as reviewing officer. The review took place in the Brooksmith field near Snodgrass hill, two miles from general headquarters, on the hill east of Lytle, the park station. In speaking of this review the *Chattanooga News* has this to say of the Iowa troops:

"The regiment making the best showing of any was the Fifty-second Iowa. Its lines were as straight as

arrows, its maneuvering faultless, and the step and time of the men as perfect as clock-work. The men were of splendid physique and the vigor of their execution won them the plaudits of all."

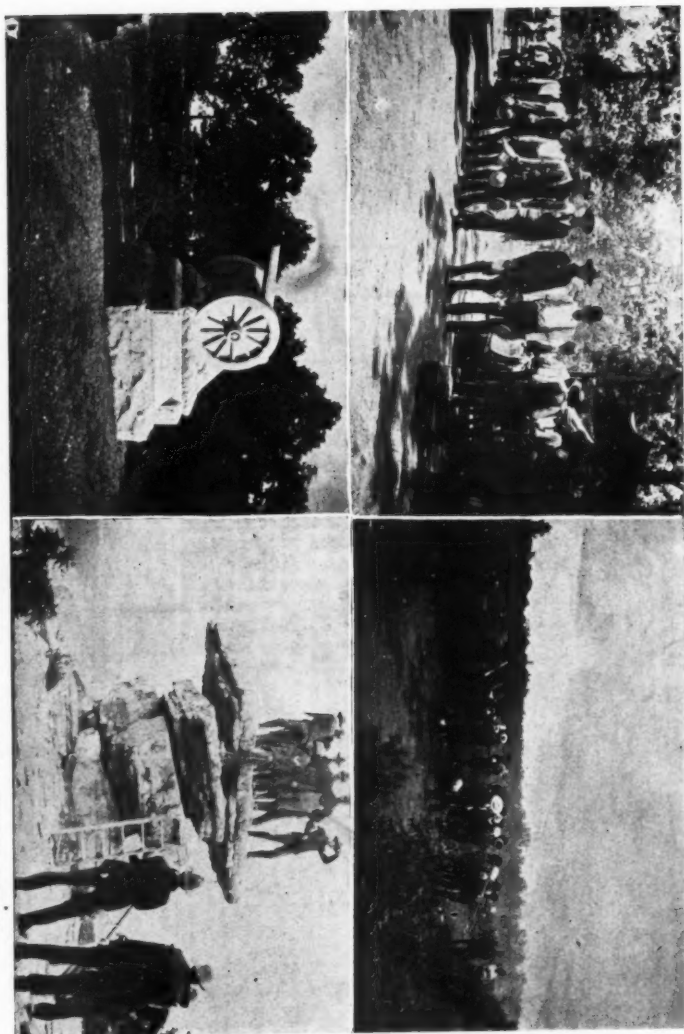
Typhoid fever has been the prevailing disease among the soldiers. A number of deaths have occurred in the regiment, and it is with sadness that the remains of the deceased comrades were sent home for burial or laid at rest in the National cemetery.

So popular has become the Fifty-second Iowa band, which is composed of twenty-five pieces (the principal musicians being F. O. Hanks and Chas. A. Keplar), that it was engaged to give many concerts in the city of Chattanooga. An evening concert is not without its charms, and when the strains of Sousa's "Stars and Stripes Forever" and "The Star Spangled Banner" are wafted upon the evening air all are touched with a fervor of patriotism.

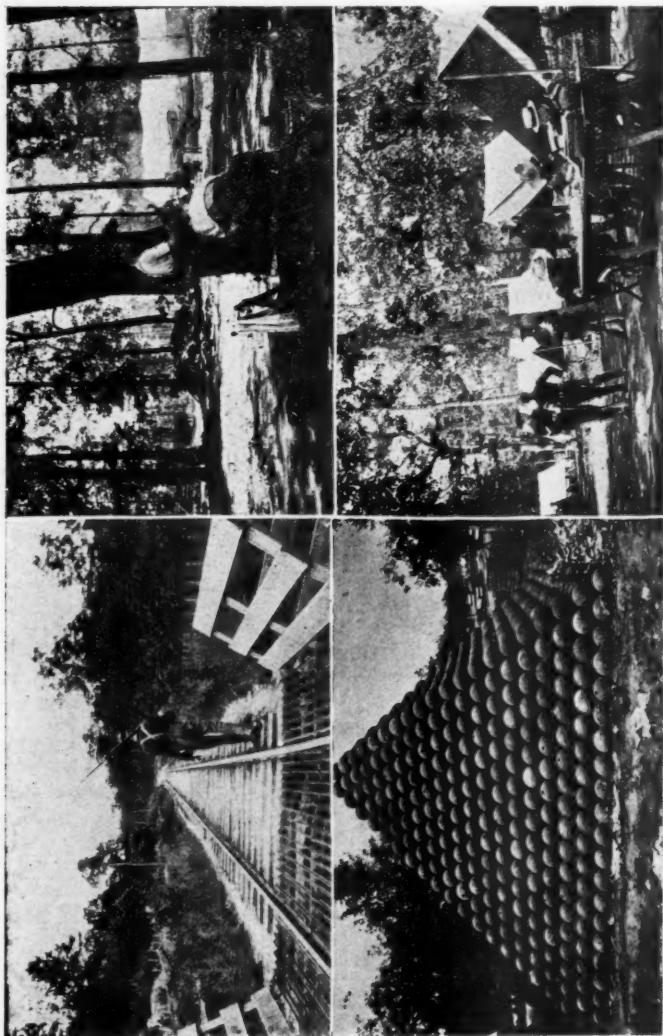
One of the pleasures of the soldiers was a day off duty, to visit the historical Lookout Mountain, where is seen some of the most beautiful scenery in the world. Standing on the famous Lookout rock at the point, one sees true nature in all its grandeur. A hundred miles of the Tennessee River is visible, including the beautiful Moccasin Bend. Seven States can be seen, also a bird's-eye view of the city of Chattanooga, and the surrounding mountains covered with foliage. This trip is a sort of a panacea, for, with renewed ambition and lighter hearts, the boys return to take up the routine of camp life once more.

The Y. M. C. A. has done much to relieve the monotony of camp. The Fifty-second Iowa have a tent of their own, wherein they assembled during leisure hours. Amusements of various kinds have been provided, writing material furnished free, and it was always a rendezvous eagerly sought after by the soldiers.

Recently orders were received that



FIFTY-SECOND IOWA AT CAMP THOMAS, CHICKAMAUGA PARK. LINING UP FOR RATIONS—EVENING CONCERT.
A PARK MONUMENT—ON POINT LOOKOUT, LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, TENNESSEE RIVER IN DISTANCE.



CAMP THOMAS. SENTINEL GUARDING RAILROAD—CAMP TONSORIAL ARTIST.
CANNON BALL MONUMENT—ARRIVAL OF PAYMASTER.

the Fifty-second should form a part of General Wade's provisional expedition to Porto Rico, and a thrill of enthusiasm ran through the entire regiment when the news was received in camp. Alas! all hopes were soon blighted; all signs which had looked so propitious for a journey to the front, faded away; and with sad hearts the boys who were so eager for active service learned that General Miles had need of no more forces. Peace now smiles upon the world; turmoil and strife are at an end.

The Fifty-second Iowa has not seen active service, but they have proved their willingness to serve their country; to uphold the stars and stripes.

Since this article was in type orders have been issued for the transfer of the Fifty-second Regiment to Camp McKinley, Des Moines, and that in due time it shall be mustered out of the service with all the honors of the true, courageous and willing volunteer.

Captain Olmstead, representing the government, at Des Moines, has indicated that the muster out of the regiment will not transpire until the men are physically recuperated. The one hundred and twenty-five sick soldiers will be furloughed and sent directly to their respective homes. The causes of illness are climatic changes and typhoid cases due to the unsanitary conditions following the bivouacking of 50,000 troops in a park not provided with sewage and other sanitary needs. There is no particular blame or criticism to be given to anyone. War conditions are always irregular and all that has occurred could have been reasonably predicted, but not prevented.

All honor to the home-coming soldier lads who honorably carried abroad the war flag of Iowa. They were ready to do or die for country. We are grateful that the need for sacrifice was no greater.



A MOTHER'S PRAYER FOR HER SOLDIER BOY.

O GOD of battle, 'neath whose mighty hand
 The planets move through labyrinths of years;
 Who, from the void, called forth unnumbered spheres;
 Who shaped the mountain and the grain of sand,
 Hear thou a mother's prayer and understand.
 Thou knowest my heart, susceptible to fears,
 Thou see'st mine eyes so often filled with tears,
 Thou know'st twixt son and mother what the bond;
 Guard thou my child in battle's awful storm,
 With thy great strength gird round his weaker form,
 And in thy time, O bring him back to me;
 He is my babe, my child, my darling one,
 Ten million times I die twixt sun and sun
 With this suspense—O, bring him back to me.

Clarence Hawkes.

LIFE ON A LIGHTHOUSE TENDER.

BY ALLAN ERIC.

THERE is no more important department in the administration of the affairs of the government, than the lighthouse service. Mariners know the value and the utility of the lights of various grades, kinds and colors that dot the coast of the United States, and almost everyone possesses some knowledge concerning the care and manipulation of the lighthouses; but little is known, even in a general way, about the important work carried on by those homely but staunch little steam vessels—the lighthouse tenders.

It is their duty to supply the lighthouses with equipment, to transport material for the erection of buildings to be used in the service; to land steam boilers wherever needed; to take up, put down and place buoys, beacons, bells and whistles, and to perform almost countless services necessary for keeping up the accuracy and efficiency of the service.

The coast line is divided into "districts" and a tender is assigned to the care of each district, having some principal point, usually that of the largest city within the limits of the district, as headquarters. Here is located a branch office of the Lighthouse Bureau, which is under the supervision of the Treasury Department—the district being in charge of a Major of the United States Army.

The lighthouse steamers are each named for some flower, like Verbena, Geranium, Daffodil, Tulip, Buttercup and Myrtle, the latter being the steamer in charge of the district in which Boston is included, which extends from Chatham to Eastport, one of the largest and most important districts on the coast, because of the great number of buoys, lights, fog-whistles and beacons necessary for the safety of the mariner.

The home berth of the Myrtle, commanded by Capt. Theodore Nicherson, is the north side of Long Wharf, Boston, but during the greater part of the year she is cruising around the coast, entering bays and harbors, poking her nose into inlets and steaming up the tidal portions of the rivers, in the faithful performance of her arduous duties.

As is to be supposed, the lighthouse steamers are thoroughly equipped for the special class of work which they are called upon to perform. They are, first of all, very staunch and seaworthy, and of comparatively light draught in order that they may approach shores not provided with wharves, and ascend shallow rivers and inlets.

Not an inch of these steamers is unutilized. On deck they are equipped with useful steam winches and powerful derricks as shears, for landing the heavy boilers at the steam fog-signal stations. There are also auxiliary engines and boilers for working the winches, shears and steam steering-gear, and some of them are provided with engines and dynamos for furnishing electric lights. The roomy space on deck, not occupied by these fixtures and the deckhouses, are used for storing lumber and heavy material which has to be delivered at the different stations.

At the davits are carried staunch boats and steam or electric launches for use where it is not practicable to take the tender.

The accommodations for the officers and crew, while not sumptuous, are comfortable, home-like and cheery. The captain's stateroom is large and well furnished, and the chartroom, the most pleasant apartment on the steamer, is large and brightly lighted. In the center is a large table on which the

charts are handled, while around the walls and under the settees are places for the great assortment of charts, maps, photographs and plans.

In the chartroom of the *Myrtle* there is an extensive collection of photographs of all the lighthouses in the eastern district. There are several pictures of each light, each photograph having been taken from a different position so that the tower is shown as it would appear when seen from nearly every point of the compass. The collection, from an artistic standpoint, is very valuable.

In the chartroom of the *Myrtle* there is a curiosity in the shape of a clock, which strikes "bell" or "sea" time. Each steamer has a spacious dining-room and saloon, and there are comfortable staterooms for the chief engineer and other officers, as well as berths for the crew.

Generally each steamer has on board a cat or a large dog, as a "mascot," and if it is a dog he performs useful duty by guarding the steamer against the intrusion of dock-loafers, while the steamer is in port.

It is a rough life on board a lighthouse steamer, and one of steady work. It is not without its pleasures in summer when the sea breeze is balmy and the sea is much less turbulent than in winter. It is pleasant then, much of the time. The shores are green and the river-mouths, bays and inlets are fringed and shaded by lovely verdure, and here and there happy summer vacationists help to relieve the monotony of the lives of the busy men on board the lighthouse tenders.

The chief bugbear of the captain is the fog which frequently settles over the water. In winter, however, cruising along the coast is not so pleasant, especially on the New England coast, rock-bound and rugged. It is rare that the plucky little crafts are allowed to "lay" in port for more than a few days at a time, and nearly all the time they breast the terrible gales and heavy

weather, engaged in the delicate work of removing and placing buoys of different kinds, and other work which requires the most thorough seamanship and the most skillful manipulation. One of the most difficult tasks, perhaps, is the landing of a heavy boiler on some storm-beaten shore of an island, or point of land, off the coast of Maine. Sometimes a place where the boiler must be landed is entirely exposed to the full fury of the sea, with no protecting bay or head-land. Often the steamer must lie off the shore for days and frequently for weeks before she is able to land the boiler, owing to the heavy weather, and now and again the only recourse is to lash a great number of casks to the boiler and heave it overboard, making it fast to the shore with hausers until it can be warped in.

Oftentimes the lighthouse steamers are called upon to do humane duty, that is, they sometimes overhaul a disabled schooner or other vessel, when the staunch tender tows her safely into port.

Many curious phenomena are observed by the men who pass their time on the lighthouse steamers, one of the most curious being the variations of the zones through which the sound of the foghorn travels, at different times. Often on approaching a fog-horn, whistle or siren, the sound will be distinctly heard a long distance away; but as the steamer approaches the station the sound will completely disappear while the steamer is passing through a zone wherein the sound is apparently lost. It is probable that, by some remarkable principle of acoustics not clearly understood, the sound waves suddenly rise and pass through a higher layer of atmosphere, and above the vessel. This happens as frequently in perfectly clear weather as during a fog. Oftentimes the sound of a fog whistle can be heard a mile or two away, while, a few rods only from the station no sound is audible; and, if the shore is obscured by fog the steamers

have to back and go ahead, and turn this way and that, until a zone is penetrated where the whistle is audible. This peculiarity is less common in case of a siren than with a common fog whistle, on account of the "ripping up," so to speak, which the siren imparts to the strata of the atmosphere.

Under certain conditions it is difficult to hear a bell-buoy; and frequently, particularly during a fog, the captain, knowing well that he must be in the near vicinity of the buoy, is compelled to steam back and forth, to and fro until he "picks up" the sound of the bell.

The captain of a lighthouse tender must be such a skillful mariner, and possess such a perfect knowledge of the coast that he is not obliged to depend, to any extent, upon the ordinary guides to navigation.

The captain makes regular detailed reports to the Lighthouse Board, concerning the work of the station, the supplies of his ship and all her stores and the expenditures—all with the utmost "red tape."

No item, however minute or inconsequential, is too infinitesimal to demand the fullest and most detailed mention in the reports to the department.

This work, while it is carried on so quietly, is of the greatest importance, for by it the high standard of the service is maintained. Every mournful clang of a bell-buoy, every moan of a whistling buoy, every long-drawn blast of a fog-horn on shore, when the lights are dimmed by fogs or storms, is a witness to the faithful performance of duty by the officers and crew of the United States' lighthouse tenders.



THE WOE OF WAR.

I.

GREEN fields and waving grain,
Sunlight on vale and hill;
Soft breezes from the plain,
Low murmurs from the rill.

II.

Wild strife and surging ranks
Of men athirst for gore;
Horses of blood-flecked flanks;
The cannon's rumbling roar.

III.

Red fields and trampled grain;
Moonlight on vale and hill
Where lies the soldier slain,
In his last slumber still.

IV.

Aches in a mother's heart,
Tears in a maiden's eye;
True lovers torn apart
Without one fond "Good-bye!"

V.

Memories of the dead,
Sweet flowers for his grave;
Praise—for the soldier bled
His country's life to save!

Douglas Malloch.

PASSING OF THE LUMBER MILLS FROM THE MISSISSIPPI TO THE PINERIES.

BY CHARLES WILBER DALY.

THERE is a noticeable parallel in the movement of the Eastern cotton industries southward, and the passing of Western or Mississippi River valley lumber interests to the pineries of the North. One slight difference, however, exists between the movements. An awakening spirit has permeated the Southern States, giving rise to the cognomen "New South." Primitive development and railroad encroachments are drawing the saw mills from the banks of the Mississippi to the heart of the great pine forests of Wisconsin and Minnesota. In each case capital from the divested region is being heavily reinvested at the new scene of operations. But the principle of home industry—the manufacture from raw material at the scene of its production—is recognized as the life-giving and impelling power in each of those ponderous, slowly-moving industrial streams.

Conservative predictions declare that within ten years scarcely a lumber mill, save in the extreme North, will be in operation along the banks of the Mississippi, where, in years gone by, the merry humming of the rip saw marked the leading industry of the river town. As far south as St. Louis the saw mills were formerly profitable investments, the pine trees being felled, shaped into logs, and floated hundreds and hundreds of miles down the river before being manufactured into lumber. This procedure gave employment to thousands of men, from the hewers of the North to the raftsmen of the river and the mill men of the South. St. Louis was a leading lumber center of the middle South and West. Now her yards are but local markets, and the bulk of her imported lumber is consumed within the city limits.

In the year 1883 the Mississippi River valley saw milling industry was in its zenith. Even many of the smallest towns boasted of one mill each, and cities of but ten to twenty thousand inhabitants possessed four, six or eight apiece, the mill men making up a large proportion of the population. The river was dotted with rafting steamers kept busy to supply the demand for logs, and the raftsmen, fearing no dearth of work, were light hearted over their satisfying compensation. It was in those days that both mill men and steamboat men made money.

But the railroads began to penetrate the Northern forests. Manufacturers who looked ahead saw the ultimate outcome of the invasion and grew chary about their future investments. Yet there were the States of Iowa, Nebraska and Missouri in the process of development, and thus for ten years or thereabouts was given an additional lease of life to industries already doomed. The great demand for lumber made it possible to conduct with profit a business far removed from its natural environments. But still the forest invasion continued. Far-seeing and successful lumber capitalists began to lift their interests from the river mills and transplant them among the white pines, some gaining control of enormous tracts of lumber land and acquiring the high sounding title of "Lumber Kings." They began to erect mills in the very forests where the trees were felled and to ship their products to the markets once fully controlled by the saw mills along the banks of the Mississippi.

There was also a falling off of the demand, occasioned partly by the satisfaction it had received, partly by poor crops, and partly by the stringent times that were then beginning to affect the

entire country. The most southern mills began to close down. The movement tended northward. Here and there a mill would take fire and burn. The public took notice that its owners did not rebuild, but chose rather to retire gracefully from the field, and, in most cases, when the insurance money came, it was reinvested in the pineries. The old time activity, awakened in the fall of 1897, has had no power to stay the tide, and this year there will be fewer river mills than ever. With one minor exception, none will be in operation below Quincy, Ill.

At Clinton, Iowa, and vicinity, there were, in the halcyon days of saw-milling, as many as twenty mills in operation at one time, one of them being reputed as the largest in the United States. This enormous structure stands dismantled now, not having been operated for four years. Six mills only will operate in the same vicinity this year. The instance is but one of many.

It is obvious that with the facilities for ready shipment, the manufacture of lumber in the far North can be carried on much more cheaply than it can hundreds of miles down the river, but a few statements will make the reason even clearer. The mill owners of the river purchase their logs at the pineries. When first purchased they lie in some little slough or stream either flowing itself into the Mississippi or into some tributary of the great stream. The latter is more generally the case. During the first season the logs are moved from their original location to, perhaps, the point of junction with the direct tributary. There they lie through the winter. During the second season they make another move, and perhaps during the third season they begin to arrive at the mill. No mill owner who has to wait thus for his logs, ever calculates upon obtaining

over 85 per cent of the number purchased; and, after lying three years in the water, it is impossible that the grade of lumber produced will be equal to that freshly sawed from new logs.

On the other hand, the mill owner of the pinery is not compelled to wait. He is sure of converting into lumber at least 95 per cent of his logs, and of putting upon the market a superior and better selling grade. Here is the keynote of this momentous industrial change. There is nothing remarkable, nothing unnatural, in its process; in it is found the true fulfillment of long-established economic principles. Monopolies and trusts have crept into the pineries, but their treatment belongs to another and separate discussion.

It might be well to add that an iota of the capital of Mississippi Valley lumber manufacturers is traveling to the Red River and other Southern lumber districts, but the proportion is so small compared to that which is being invested in the Northern forests, that in no way does it affect the general movement.

As lumber centers, the river towns will not be entirely bereft, for such enormous quantities of manufactured lumber can be floated down the stream at one time that it will be expedient and profitable to make distributing points of the former manufacturing towns. But that is the only future in the lumber line that can be accorded these places. It is well that the majority of them have, by the fostering and nurturing of other industries, become so well established that the gradual change will not be materially felt. New fields of employment are continually springing up in this fertile and comparatively young land, and in years to come the passing of the lumber mills will be but a page in the copious history of the valley.

GRANT'S LIFE IN THE WEST AND HIS MISSISSIPPI VALLEY CAMPAIGNS.

(A HISTORY.)

BY COL. JOHN W. EMERSON.

(Engravings from drawings and photographs furnished chiefly by Mrs. E. Butler Johnson.)
(Began in the October, 1896, MIDLAND MONTHLY.)

BOOK III.

CHAPTER XLI.

HALLECK'S PLOT AGAINST GRANT.

THIS digression as to the acts of Halleck, Beauregard and the others is valuable as showing Grant's environments, and the characteristics of those whose conduct affected him and his movements.

We left Grant, after his return from Nashville, energetically at work perfecting his army at Fort Donelson and Clarksville, waiting for orders to move wheresoever his chief might direct.

Orders finally came on the 2d of March (1862), directing him to move across to Fort Henry, and thither he hastened, reaching the Tennessee on the same day (March 4th) that Halleck's cavalry entered Columbus. From Fort Henry, expeditions were to go up the Tennessee to Florence and Decatur, Alabama.

Scarcely had Grant arrived at Fort Henry, expecting to lead his army immediately southward, than he began to have new experiences with Halleck's moods and whims, and to feel his mailed hand and his sharp lance.

To what extent the unfortunate "Columbus episode" affected Halleck's temper one cannot say, but the chagrin which he must have felt may have had much to do with the new exhibitions which we are now regretfully to chronicle.

We have seen what brilliant successes Grant's movements had been from the inception to the triumphant close of the Donelson campaign, which the whole world was applauding. Nothing

had occurred to dim the lustre of the achievement or the high standing of Grant as a competent and able General. He had moved his large army across from Donelson to Fort Henry in less than thirty hours from the receipt of Halleck's orders. Judge, then, of Grant's surprise upon receiving the following order from Halleck:

St. Louis, March 4th.
Major-General U. S. Grant, Fort Henry:
You will place Major-General C. F. Smith in command of expedition and remain yourself at Fort Henry. Why do you not obey my orders to report strength and positions of your command?
H. W. HALLECK.
Major-General.

This was the first intimation which Grant had received that there was the slightest dissatisfaction, and this order was, therefore, the greater surprise to him. He instantly turned over the command to Smith, congratulated him upon his "well deserved promotion," and busied himself in advancing the interests of the movement.

Halleck, however, was now in one of his spasms of excitement or temper, and in these moods he struck right and left, without method as to whether he might most injure an enemy or a friend. Without any note of warning or complaint he wrote General McClellan, Commander-in-Chief, at Washington (March 2d), as follows:

I have had no communication with General Grant for more than a week. He left his command without my authority and went to Nashville. His army seems to be as much demoralized by the victory of Fort Donelson as was that of the Potomac by the defeat of Bull Run. It is hard to censure a successful general immediately after a victory, but I think he richly deserves it. I can get no returns, no reports, no information of any kind from him. Satisfied with his victory, he sits down and enjoys it without any regard for

the future. I am worn out and tired with this neglect and inefficiency. C. F. Smith is almost the only officer equal to the emergency.
H. W. HALLECK.

The reader will recall that the statements in this dispatch are contrary to the facts shown by the War records. Ingoing to Nashville, Grant was within *his district*. He had a right to go there. He had sent a division there and captured the city. He only went where we have seen that Halleck had been repeatedly ordered to hasten his troops, by "whichever route will be quickest."

Grant's army was not in the *slightest degree demoralized*, and never had been. The charge was based upon the angry gossip of a Southern partisan, who fled from Dover to St. Louis, and who had suffered from some thieves. But no officer was more strictly severe in prohibiting pilfering and marauding than Grant. To show how unjust this charge of Halleck was, I copy the essential parts of the following orders issued by General Grant:

FORT HENRY, February 9, 1862.

The pilfering and marauding disposition shown by some of the men of this command has determined the General commanding to make an example of someone, to fully show his disapprobation of such conduct. If anyone is found guilty of plundering or other violation of orders, if the guilty parties are not punished promptly, the company officers will be at once arrested; if not, the punishment will have to come upon the regimental and brigade commanders. Every offense will be traced back to a responsible party.

FORT DONELSON, February 16th.

(The day of the surrender!)

Pilaging and appropriating public property to private purposes is positively prohibited. Officers are particularly enjoined to see to the enforcement of this order.

FORT DONELSON, February 18th.

All commissioned officers, non-commissioned officers and privates are prohibited from entering the town of Dover or any house therein situated.

FORT DONELSON, February 21st.

Division and brigade commanders will take immediate steps to prevent soldiers of their commands from passing beyond the limits of the field works of Fort Donelson.

All depredations committed upon citizens must be summarily punished.

FORT DONELSON, February 25th.

Soldiers are positively prohibited from going beyond the line of sentinels outside the entrenchments.

Division, brigade and regimental commanders must restrain their men from committing depredations upon private property.

These repeated orders were issued by Grant because of the continuous arrival of fresh, undisciplined troops. And the orders were enforced.

Every officer of any experience in campaigning knows that ten thieves and marauders can injure the reputation of a camp of 10,000 honest, well ordered soldiers. It requires a little time to suppress these few, and no sensible, considerate officer would think of condemning a commander for a thing impossible to instantly correct in raw recruits. No man was more strict than Grant, and no officer in the service had the influence to more quickly reduce a fresh volunteer force to strict military discipline, not only as to honest and orderly conduct, but, also, as to the most brilliant fighting conditions.

Amazement at Halleck's statements is increased when we reflect that copies of these orders were sent to him long before he wrote his communication to McClellan!

"I can get no returns, no reports, no information of any kind from him," he says!

This, too, in face of the records which show almost *daily* communications from Grant, either to Halleck in person or to his Chief of Staff.

In face of the fact, too, that he *knew* great delays were incident to the remote situation. Several days previously he had *himself* asked McClellan to exercise patience. He said: "I find it utterly impossible to get returns of the regiments arriving, or of those sent with prisoners. Moreover, telegraph lines have been defective and many of my messages not received."

"Satisfied with his victory he sits down and enjoys it without any regard for the future."

It is difficult to read this sentence without indignation. Preceding pages of our work show how full the war records are of Grant's importunities to push on after the enemy; that he was constantly at work, ever active and

ertile in devices and in doing, and never "sat down" and "enjoyed himself" during his campaigns.

"Tired of this neglect and inefficiency"? Indeed! It was the sort of "inefficiency" that Mr. Lincoln had been earnestly seeking, but had been puzzled to find. Surely, if Sherman had made such statements not many months before, nothing could have saved him from a lunatic asylum.

General McClellan, supposing a great emergency had arisen, answered Halleck:

WASHINGTON, March 3d, 6 P. M.

Maj.-Gen. H. W. Halleck, St. Louis:

Your dispatch of last evening received. The future success of our cause demands that proceedings, such as Grant's, should at once be checked. Do not hesitate to arrest him at once if the good of the service requires it, and place C. F. Smith in command. You are at liberty to regard this as a positive order if it will smooth your way.

Geo. B. McClellan,
Maj.-Gen. U. S. Army, Commanding.

Approved:

EDWIN W. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

Here is Halleck's answer:

SAINT LOUIS, March 4, 1862.

Maj.-Gen. Geo. B. McClellan, Washington:

A rumor has just reached me that since the taking of Fort Donelson General Grant has resumed his former bad habits. If so, it will account for his neglect of my often repeated orders. I do not deem it advisable to arrest him at present, but have placed General Smith in command of the expedition up the Tennessee. I think Smith will restore order and discipline.

H. W. HALLECK,
Major-General.

Not satisfied with attempting, on the 2d, to crush Grant by charging at headq arters in Washington, that he had "left his command without authority;" that his army was "as much demoralized by its victory as was the army of the Potomac by defeat at Bull Run;" that he could get "no returns, no reports, no information;" that, "satisfied with his victory, he" (Grant) "sits down and enjoys it without any regard for the future,"—Halleck thus returned to his work of destruction by attempting to disgrace his victim; and this, on "a rumor [that] has just reached me!"

He did not wait to inquire, or to verify the truth of the "rumor." He has-

tened to pour this idle "rumor" into the ears of the Commander-in-Chief at Washington!

That the "rumor" was untrue could have been learned by Halleck if he had made inquiry. But he did not delay and did not inquire. Just then the "rumor" must go on the wings of lightning where it could do Grant most harm—could not possibly do any one any good.

If this attempt to disgrace a successful general, on a mere "rumor" (even though he might be feared as a rival) did not appear in all its naked hideousness in the solemn war records of that time, no one could be found so credulous as to believe the story.

To show how totally inexcusable this conduct of Halleck was, let us hear the statement of the brilliant and noble soldier, McPherson. This great soldier, then a Colonel, was really on General Halleck's staff, but served as Aid to Grant during the Donelson campaign. He was afterwards promoted Major-General, commanded a corps at Vicksburg, and was killed in the Atlanta campaign. In a conversation with the author on this subject after the capture of Vicksburg, he said: "There were very few hours between the beginning and the end of the Donelson campaign that I was not personally present with Grant. He was gentle and kind, but a relentless disciplinarian. He tolerated no abuses, and was sleepless in the discharge of duty, and the pursuit of the enemy when not restrained. I am in the service, and do not care to say how much he was restrained by General Halleck after the capture of Donelson. We could have captured Nashville within three or four days after the fall of Donelson if consent could have been obtained. From the day of the surrender Grant was anxious to push on to Nashville, and I never saw him show such disappointment and anger as when the order came from Halleck to suspend movement in that direction.

"Grant was tireless and energetic

without intermission in the work of reorganization and discipline of his army from the capture of Donelson to the time we returned to Fort Henry. He was never intoxicated during that time, and did not at any time during that campaign, or since, drink to excess. Being technically on Halleck's staff, I wrote him, unofficially, every few days. Grant wrote him daily, I think."

In answer to my questions as to the origin of the alleged "rumor" of Grant's "bad habits" at Donelson, he said: "They were lies to start with. A staff officer with Halleck at the time the rumor started, told me that the flimsy, shadowy rumor had only this unsubstantial and visionary origin—that he had hunted it down at the time—and so told Halleck, without the latter showing any disposition to correct his report. A Southern merchant at Dover, reached St. Louis, and was telling his city factor that Grant's army was 'robbing the citizens and eating up the country.' On being asked why the officers did not restrain their men, he answered, 'drunk, I suppose!' Thereupon the city merchant, angry that Grant's army, or any army, should be interfering with his trade in the South, hastened to Halleck's headquarters and poured into his willing and credulous ears, not that 'the officers were drunk, *I suppose*,' but transformed the rumor into, 'Grant is drunk, and his army is plundering and robbing the country!' Halleck never asked me (McPherson) what I knew about it, and I never heard that he inquired of any one. General Halleck was easily imposed upon, and acted hastily on first impressions. I do not say this to injure Halleck (he is still my superior officer), but in justice to General Grant, who was grievously wronged in that matter."

Colonel Rawlins told the author, after the Chattanooga campaign, in a conversation on this Fort Donelson-Grant-Halleck episode:

"I dislike to think, much less speak, about it. No baser calumny was ever

uttered against any man than the insinuation at that time as to Grant's 'bad habits.' I was near him all the time. We were seldom an hour apart. He was *never* drunk. He did not drink to excess. He worked every day and much of the nights in that laborious and glorious campaign. He was never idle. Reports were sent to Halleck or to his Chief of Staff, General Cullum, every day. We would have had Nashville within four days after Donelson if the movement had not been prevented by General Halleck. There was no reason under the heaven for Grant's suspension or supersedure; none whatever. No, I cannot understand *why* it was done, because I cannot understand Halleck. Can you?"

These conversations were written down by the author within a few minutes after they were had with the two men most prominent and nearest to Grant at the time, and they fully show that Halleck's accusations were groundless and sustain all that General Grant has said in his memoirs on this strangest episode in his career.

"Rumors" of what was going on between Halleck and McClellan in relation to Grant soon reached President Lincoln, and that honest, judicial, penetrating mind discerned something unreasonable and unnatural in the proceedings. He went to the war office to see Stanton, and the latter showed him Halleck's dispatches and McClellan's order. The President braced himself up, and with that benevolent smile which seemed to come from a fountain of wit and satire, and with a humorous twinkle in his eyes, asked Stanton if he didn't think that Grant had been getting along pretty well lately whether Halleck had got any reports from him or not; whether the country couldn't stand a little more of the sort of demoralization which Grant's army had lately exhibited; whether a little more of that sort of sitting down and enjoying themselves wouldn't be a healthy tonic for all the generals; and lastly,

whether a little more of Grant's habits wouldn't materially help the cause all along the line.

Stanton looked at the President a moment and then (as related to the writer soon after the close of the war by one who was present) seemed to be suddenly inspired with a new thought, and to catch the meaning of the President's remarks. The two agreed that whether there were any sinister designs or not in the strange dispatches, Grant's taking off should be investigated and he should have fair play; and thereupon Adjutant-General Thomas was directed to order General Halleck to make a specific and full report of all General Grant's offenses. Evidently the sound lawyer-President saw and knew the worthlessness of "rumor," and the danger of plots and private piques, and wanted the substantial facts before he would tolerate the deposition of the only General who had as yet gained any great victory or shown fighting capacity. He was hunting for fighting Generals, not the talking and complaining sort.

The order was so framed as to compel Halleck to put himself on record in his further report, and that report, if adverse, would have to be sustained before a court of inquiry. The order was as follows:

WASHINGTON, March 10, 1862.

Maj-Gen. H. W. Halleck, U. S. A., St. Louis:

It has been reported that soon after the battle of Fort Donelson Brigadier-General Grant left his command without leave. By direction the Secretary of War desires you to ascertain and report whether General Grant left his command at any time without proper authority, and, if so, for how long; whether he has made to you proper reports and returns of his force; whether he has committed any acts which were unauthorized or not in accordance with military subordination or propriety, and if so, what?

L. THOMAS,
Adjutant-General.

Meantime Halleck had, a few days after writing his accusing letters to McClellan, written an angry letter to Grant, saying:

Your neglect of repeated orders to report the strength of your command, has created great dissatisfaction, and seriously interfered with military plans. Your going to Nashville

without authority, when your presence with your troops was of the utmost importance, was a matter of very serious complaint at Washington, so much so that I was advised to arrest you on your return.

To which Grant replied:

I did all I could to get you returns of my command. Every move I made was reported daily to your Chief of Staff, who must have failed to keep you posted. I have done my very best to obey orders and to carry out the interest of the service. If my course is not satisfactory, remove me at once. I do not wish in any way to impede the progress of our arms. I have averaged writing more than once a day since leaving Cairo, to keep you informed of my position, and it is no fault of mine if you have not received my letters. My going to Nashville was strictly intended for the good of the service, and not to gratify any desire of my own.

Believing sincerely that I must have enemies between you and myself, who are trying to impair my usefulness, I respectfully ask to be released from further duty in the department.

Halleck renewed his rebuke; and General Grant replied on the 9th with a little more spirit and self-assertion, as follows:

You had a better chance of knowing my strength, whilst my command was surrounding Fort Donelson, than I had. Troops were reporting daily by your orders. I made every effort to get returns in as early as possible. I renew my application to be relieved from duty.

Again Grant wrote Halleck:

In regard to the plundering at Fort Donelson, it is very much overestimated by disappointed persons who failed in getting off the trophies they had gathered. My orders of the time show that I did all in my power to prevent marauding. To execute these orders I kept a company on duty searching boats about leaving and to bring off all captured property found. My great difficulty was with the rush of citizens who infested Donelson after its fall. They thought it an exceedingly hard case that patriotic gentlemen like themselves, who had gone to tender their services to the sick and wounded, could not carry off what they pleased. One of these men (a Dr. of Springfield) swore vengeance against me for preventing trophies being carried off. How many more did the same thing I cannot tell.

My going to Nashville I did not regard as going beyond my district.

After the fall of Donelson, from information I had, I knew the way to Clarksville and Nashville. Accordingly I wrote you, directed to your Chief of Staff, as was all my correspondence from the time of leaving Fort Henry until I learned you were not hearing from me, that by Friday following the fall of Donelson I should occupy Clarksville, and by Saturday following should be in Nashville if not prevented by orders from headquarters of the department. During all this time not one word was received from you and I accordingly occupied Clarksville on the day indicated. And several days after the time I was to occupy Nashville General Nelson reported to me with a division of Buell's army, and I ordered them immediately to Nashville.

On the 11th Grant again wrote Halleck:

There is such a disposition to find fault with me, that I again ask to be relieved from further duty, until I can be placed right in the estimation of those higher in authority.

These replies of Grant reached Halleck simultaneously with the order from Adjutant-General Thomas at Washington, requiring Halleck to report particulars, and they brought matters to a crisis. Here was Grant, now evidently on his hands, very indignant, knowing his rights and boldly informing his Chief (after altogether too much humility and submission), that he meant to be "*placed right in the estimation of those higher in authority.*"

Here was a dilemma, a crisis to be met instantly. It was more portentous than the recent Beauregard scare in his pretense of capturing Cairo and St. Louis! Here was evidently a bold demand by Grant for an investigation, and a covert suggestion from Washington that Halleck's report would be the basis for an official inquiry! What was Halleck to do? He had no facts to sustain a single one of his ill-tempered and hasty charges. He now had many reasons to know that they were not true. If he should renew them now, and they should be found to be without a basis, he might himself be court-martialed. Evidently there was but one safe way out, and that was to placate Grant, withdraw all accusations, and restore him to favor and to command. This line of retreat was yet quite open to him, because Grant was totally unadvised that Halleck was the author of the letters of accusation to Washington, and he had no idea who was the enemy who had tried to ruin him there. If, therefore, Halleck could instantly change front, withdraw all charges and make Grant his friend, it would suppress all further inquiry these busy times, and all would end in peace and harmony.

Here was a brilliant piece of strategy, and it worked out quite to perfection. Halleck at once wrote Grant as follows:

You cannot be relieved of your command. There is no good reason for it. I am certain that all which the authorities at Washington ask is that you enforce discipline, and punish the disorderly. . . . Instead of relieving you, I wish you, as soon as your new army is in the field, to assume the immediate command, and lead it to new victories.

Such a sudden and happy change of tone by Halleck was no less a surprise than a pleasure to Grant, and his kind and frank nature prompted him at once to respond:

After your (former) letter . . . I felt as though it would be impossible for me to serve longer without a court of inquiry. Your telegram of yesterday, however, places such a different phase upon my position that I will again assume command and give every effort to the success of our cause. Under the worst circumstances I would do the same.

Having thus placated Grant by his sudden change from the attitude of an enemy to that of a most appreciative friend, it was only necessary for him to so report to Washington as to make all further inquiry unnecessary, and thus put an effectual quietus upon the whole wretched business. He was equal to the emergency, and answered the adjutant-general's order as follows:

ST. LOUIS, March 15, 1862.

Brig.-Gen. L. Thomas, Adjutant-General:

In accordance with your instructions of the 10th inst., I report that General Grant and several officers of high rank in his command, immediately after the battle of Fort Donelson, went to Nashville, without my authority or knowledge. I am satisfied, however, from investigation, that General Grant did this from good intentions and from a desire to subserve the public interest. Not being advised of General Buell's movements, and learning that General Buell had ordered Smith's division of his (Grant's) command to Nashville, he deemed it his duty to go there in person. During the absence of General Grant and a part of his general officers, numerous irregularities are said to have occurred at Fort Donelson. [Utterly absurd, for Grant was only gone one day and two nights.] These were in violation of the orders issued by General Grant before leaving, and probably, under the circumstances, were unavoidable.

General Grant has made the proper explanations, and has been directed to resume his command in the field. As he acted from a praiseworthy, although mistaken, zeal for the public service in going to Nashville and leaving his command [in his own district and where he had sent troops, remember.] I respectfully recommend that no further notice be taken of it.

There never has been any want of military subordination on the part of General Grant, and his failure to make returns of his forces has been explained as resulting partly from the failure of colonels of regiments to report to him on their arrival, and partly from an interruption of telegraphic communication. All these irregularities have now been remedied.

H. W. HALLECK,
Major-General.

Here was, indeed, a swift retreat and a successful bit of strategy.

When this frank and officer-like report reached the War Office, the sedate and anxious countenance of Stanton was wreathed in smiles, and it was not long until the President called,—for he spent many of his most anxious hours in the War Office those trying days,—and to his jocular question to Stanton, "What is the state of 'habits' and 'demoralization' on the Tennessee and Cumberland to-day?" the latter handed him Halleck's foregoing report.

An occupant of the office, who afterwards informed the writer, said that he had much difficulty in concealing his merriment while watching the play of pleasure and quizzical amusement that passed over and alternated in Mr. Lincoln's face while reading the document. His interest was so great that he stood by a window and did not seat himself until it was finished. Then he smiled, seemed amused and in the best of spirits. He turned to Stanton and said, with that penetrating look of his when "seeing through things," as he often expressed it: "Why, Halleck is actually getting good natured! Guess he's found out some way that the demoralization Grant caused on the Tennessee and Cumberland didn't really muddy the waters running past St. Louis, as he supposed. He seems to be inclined to tolerate, as the whole country does, a little more of Grant's 'bad habits' and that peculiar sort of 'demoralization' in his army." Then, taking his hat, he said to Stanton, "When Grant's army demoralizes again, and he resumes his bad habits and captures another army, you just send the news over to me, please." And the President walked out in a more happy frame of mind than had been his for some time.

"Stanton handed me Halleck's report," my informant continued, "and his two previous accusing dispatches and said: 'Here, take these over to Adjutant-General Thomas and tell him to let this be the last of it.'"

"Nothing more was ever heard of it in the War Department, except by way of joke on Halleck, or when President Lincoln would come in after hearing of some victory of Grant and call out to Stanton: 'Hello! Grant's army is demoralized again;' or, 'Grant has resumed his bad habits again, I see,' with a keen, quizzical look and sparkle in his eyes."

Thus Halleck's retreat, and his scheme to suppress the rising storm which he had very nearly precipitated, worked to perfection; and, by restoring Grant in a more kindly and friendly spirit than he had ever before exhibited, had placated his intended victim, and in those busy days of Grant rendered further injury unnecessary.

Concealing the fact from Grant that he (Halleck) was himself the author of the complaints made against him in Washington, and pretending by inference that some one else had done the mischief, and to have Grant believe and understand that he (Halleck) was the friend who had intervened and saved him from a terrible fate, he sent Grant a copy of Adjutant-General Thomas' orders of the 10th, and a copy of his own flattering report of the 15th in answer thereto, which completely exculpated Grant from all blame. The reader may turn back and peruse that "report" a second time with profit, now that he understands the double use which Halleck made of it.

Grant, being a man of frank, honest and unsuspecting nature, utterly incapable of malice, and without guile, was deeply affected when he read the copy of Halleck's report of the 15th to the War Office, so honorable and just to him, and he at once wrote Halleck:

I most fully appreciate your justness, General, in the part you have taken, and you may rely upon me to the utmost of my capacity for carrying out your orders. . . . I do not feel that I have neglected a single duty.

*NOTE.—Halleck's two accusing dispatches were not regularly filed, but were put away among miscellaneous papers and were not found until many years after the close of the war. Grant never heard or knew of Halleck's duplicity until more than fifteen years after the close of the war.

This, to use a diplomatic phrase, "closed the incident," so far as all the great actors were concerned, and the plot would have remained forever buried had not the war archives revealed how dangerously near Grant came to being snuffed out in the very beginning of his brilliant career by the vacillating, whimsical and irascible Halleck.

Did Halleck's strange treatment of Grant arise from malevolence? If it stood an isolated act, the *quere* would not be propounded. But if we remember his many good qualities,—amongst them his patriotic zeal for the cause,—if we recall his excitability, his total lack of judicial temper, his liability to act with precipitance inconsiderateness and harshness towards others; if we recall the fact that he was surrounded in St. Louis with certain exclusives who looked askance at Grant, and were always asking the old question,—“Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?” then, if we cannot wholly justify, may we not temper the severity of our condemnation with charity, and suspend final answer to the question propounded? In this we shall receive further valuable aid before our history closes.

CHAPTER XLII.

GRANT RESUMES COMMAND.

The honorable and unselfish character of Grant manifested itself throughout this trying ordeal in every act and word. He did not become vexed, did not sulk, but instantly on being superseded by Smith, wrote him: “No one can feel more pleasure” [in your promotion] “than myself.” And after Smith had gone up the Tennessee with the expedition, leaving Grant in the woods at Fort Henry under Halleck's orders, he wrote General Smith again, saying: “Anything you may require, send back transports for, and if within my power you shall have it.”

After the order came to Grant, restoring him to command in the field,

his generous and soldierly instincts, and his friendly feeling for General Smith prompted him to write and say to the latter that while he was directed to resume the general command, yet, “I think it very doubtful whether I shall accept; certainly not until the object of your expedition has been accomplished.”

He desired General Smith to have the opportunity of gaining any laurels which success of the movement could bring him.

General Smith, also full of the honorable instincts of the soldier, and knowing Grant's high qualities as a commander, promptly responded, saying:

I wrote you yesterday to say how glad I was to find from your letter that you were to resume your old command, from which you were so unceremoniously, and, as I think, unjustly stricken down.

These were the generous sentiments of two honorable soldiers. No jealousy, no selfishness, no rivalry, but a willing and generous emulation in the service of their country.

The object of General Smith's expedition up the Tennessee, was to cut the railroad at Decatur or Eastport, and capture the important railroad center and strategic point of Corinth, then occupied by, and so vital to, the Confederates. The water was high, however, and the country along the river was overflowed, and a landing was found to be impracticable. General Smith, therefore, withdrew, and disembarked his force at “Pittsburg Landing,” a high, dry, and hilly locality, about twenty miles northeast from Corinth, and ten miles up the river from Savannah. There he began concentrating his army. Grant remained at Fort Henry, pushing on reinforcements and supplies to Smith, until the 17th of March, when he removed his headquarters to Savannah, and assumed active command.

One of the first things he did was to write his friend General Sherman, who was at Pittsburg Landing with his Division: “I have just arrived, and although sick for the last two weeks,

begin to feel better at the thought of being again with the troops."

General Smith, who was sick in bed (where he died a few weeks later), was rejoiced to see Grant.

He clasped Grant's hand in both his, and pressed it to his breast in a warm, earnest and affectionate embrace, and held it closely, while he expressed his joy at seeing him, and the pleasure he felt at his return to command.

Smith was much Grant's senior, had been professor at West Point Academy when Grant was a cadet there, and was regarded as one of the most brilliant officers in the army. It was generally believed that had he survived to give the country the benefit of his services, he would have risen to great prominence. His death was greatly lamented by General Grant, and by the entire army.

A moment's retrospection here will not be without interest. It was at the end of January that Grant, after long importunity, received permission from Halleck to begin his long-meditated campaign up the Tennessee and Cumberland Rivers. He and his army were at Cairo. Within twenty-four hours he was off. Within six days he had captured Fort Henry, its garrison, its armament and supplies, and opened the Tennessee River into Alabama and Mississippi. Within the succeeding ten days he had moved his army across

a most difficult country, through high water; through mud, rain, sleet, snow and ice; had fought desperate battles, and besieged and captured the central stronghold of the enemy, with its entire army—larger than his own at the commencement of the siege—and its immense armament and supplies! Disposing of these, he had, four days later, captured Clarksville with its armament and immense material of war. Four days thereafter he had pushed on a division under General Nelson and captured Nashville with millions of contraband of war, notwithstanding Halleck's attempts to restrain him. He had reorganized his army, and waited three weeks under Halleck's orders; had been deposed from command; had been lectured and insulted by Halleck, and had patiently worked on, always maintaining his equipoise and his honor as a soldier; had been abused, restored to command, praised and flattered in turn; and was now ready for another great campaign,—all within less than six weeks! And this during the most inclement season of the most trying winter known to the climate!

Under like difficulties and conditions nothing equal to this in brilliancy had hitherto been achieved on this continent,—possibly not in the whole history of war,—certainly never before with a freshly recruited volunteer army.

(To be Continued.)

CHARACTER.

NOT in soft dreams of pleasure is it wrought,
Nor is it forged in hours of slothful thought,
But in the furnace-heat of strenuous years
Time shapes its grace and tempers it with tears.

James B. Kenyon.



THE NERVION — PORTUGALITE.

A NIGHT ON THE BAY OF BISCAY AND ITS SEQUEL.

BY DANIEL EVANS.

I.

I WAS en route to Bilbao, and hoped to find at Bayonne one of the steamers running between the coast towns of the Bay of Biscay. I was therefore delighted to see the *Andario* lying in the Adour. I had made several trips in the steamer to different places on the coast, and had a slight acquaintance with its captain. It was a favorite boat with merchants who, going to Paris and London, arranged their departure so as to take this steamer to Bayonne. Printed slips were lying on the tables in the cafés notifying the public that "The renowned steamer, the *Andario*, under the direction of the well accredited Senor —, its captain, would leave" at a date fixed therein,—and informing "all persons desiring to forward freight into the Basque Provinces that the opportunity would be an extraordinarily favorable one to secure safe transit."

There was something said in these notices about immunity from care which the shippers would have on this voyage, which I translated, in a free sort of way, as meaning certainty and promptness of transit. I at once secured a berth to Bilbao, and, although the published date of sailing had gone by, the clerk said that ample notice of

the hour of leaving would be sent to me at my hotel.

I had said *bon voyage* to my fellow tourists and watched regretfully their train puff out of the station on its way to Paris. I returned to the St. Etienne hotel appeared a desert. I wandered about the streets, in the Plaza, over the grass-grown walls which in their day securely defended the town, and where an admirably preserved portcullis, with a ready-to-use appearance, transports a bit of the Middle Ages into the present. I followed the embankment of the old-time fortifications and found myself, at last, at the cathedral crowning the hill up which the streets run.

The town market had invaded the sanctities of the site as if the church were an obstruction to the convenience of trade; and peasant girls, on chairs leaning back against the wall of the cloisters around the building, called on the passers-by to look at the wares they had for sale; "eggs by weight and not by numbers," and "pimientos of spicy flavor." Bareheaded and brown-legged women, with parti-colored petticoats reaching to the knees, sallow of skin and raucous-voiced, shouted the merits of their wares, and as occasion-

ally through the open doors the notes of the organ flooded out melodies over the incessant chatter of the market, the venders would lower their voices and cross themselves with evident impatience at these interruptions. The incongruities disquieted me. I returned to the hotel with the feeling that the "lights were fled;" I was stupidly wasting my time and would find out at once when the boat was to sail, and, if further delayed, would leave that evening overland.

I had just determined to leave by diligence if the steamer was not ready to sail, when a porter, rapping on the door of my room, announced that the boat was about to start, and unless monsieur changed his mind he might yet have time to get aboard. I grabbed my scattered effects into my satchel, the porter seized it and we hurried to the landing. On paying my hotel bill, the clerk, knowing my haste to reach the steamer said, with a beg-your-pardon air, that she "did not know monsieur was engaged in commerce."

To a reply that I was not so engaged, she looked with an expression of surprise, shrugging her shoulders significantly, and said, "Messieurs always consider the land route preferable, unless they have an interest in the cargo. If monsieur is too late to get aboard he will have his compensations. You see," she continued, "monsieur can stop over at San Sebastian, lovely town, full of grand memoires for ze Anglais militaire. Fine hotel; you name him Parador, French cuisine, charmante. Monsieur will like San Sebastian."

To all of which I assented.

"O, pardon; I thought monsieur a stranger. He is not. He is a man of business, of affairs." She said all this so rapidly, and the last words about my being a man of affairs in such a confidential way of speech, as if I had a special reason for going by sea, and that reason was well known to her, that it left a curious impression on my mind. The porter, as he quickened his steps

to keep up with me, volunteered the information that the management of the steamers refunds the price of the passage when parties fail to receive sufficient notice of the time of sailing. At times, he said, they do not know when they are going to leave. It crossed my mind that the bureau of diligences might be paying commissions to secure patronage. When I reached the river, the steamer's bow had swung so far out into the channel that I thought I would have to be satisfied with the "consolations" by way of San Sebastian, of which the cashier at the St. Etienne had spoken; but a rearward movement of the boat enabled me to jump aboard, astern. The deck was covered with boxes and bales thrown together in utter disorder, and I had great difficulty in making my way among and over them. I inferred a placid sea was expected as the boat was deep in the water from what seemed an overloading.

While I was climbing over packages, an officer asked to see my ticket. I had to search all my pockets before finding it, and while doing so he said: "Monsieur, you have made a mistake; you have taken the wrong boat, but you will have an opportunity to leave it soon."

As he finished speaking I produced the ticket. He examined it and turned it over and over. Irritated by the proceeding, I said, "Is it a counterfeit, monsieur?" He looked at me and said, "Has monsieur any interest in the cargo?"

I replied that I had not, that I was merely a passenger.

"This ticket ought not to have been sold. Orders were issued for the recall of all those that were sold by a misunderstanding. The bureau of administration was not aware that this ticket had been sold, or, at least they thought there were no tickets in the hands of any one expecting to take passage on this trip. The very large amount of freight delivered at the last moment

has made it entirely impossible to carry passengers, and as soon as this condition was even anticipated, all tickets previously sold were ordered canceled and the money refunded. The management was compelled to do this from a proper solicitude for the comfort of passengers. It will be impossible, as monsieur can well see, that he should remain aboard." He regretted profoundly, *au fond du coeur*, the *mal-entendu*, but "if monsieur found himself inconvenienced in any way by reason of the unavoidable circumstances and the unalterable determination of the management not to carry passengers, it would make all necessary reparation. The steamer," he added, "will stop at the village we are approaching, and if monsieur will have the goodness to go with me to the office the cost of the passage with all other expenses will be paid." He assured me in a most benevolent way that I should deem myself fortunate that he happened to see me go aboard, for the boat was heavily loaded, and, casting his eyes upward, slowly and meditatively continued, "There is a suspicion of a tempest in the air, and monsieur must see that with all this freight, which we have not been able to arrange, we are not equipped for heavy seas."

I scanned the skies also, in imitation of my interlocutor, and said that if the expected tempest should limp a little in its coming, we would be out of its way, and, preoccupied with the idea that it was a question only of the personal comfort of the passengers which had caused the alleged change in the plans of the management, I said I would prefer to undergo any inconvenience or discomfort that could or might be reasonably anticipated rather than be delayed in reaching Bilbao.

Giving no indication of an intention to go to the office as requested, the officer continued, "Monsieur will be glad that I discovered him in time to save him from much delay. He must have

noticed that no provision has been made for passengers, and monsieur will believe me when I assure him that even the cabin is filled with bundles and he will be without a berth."

While I was not willing to leave the steamer, I confess I was rather pleased at the interest shown for my comfort, and assured the officer that I was gratified by his good offices in the matter, but preferred to incur whatever personal inconvenience might result from the overlading, and would acquit the management of any neglect.

He walked away a few steps and, returning, said he would give me an order for a seat in the diligence that would leave that evening for Bilbao, that I had plenty of time to return to Bayonne before its departure, and would arrive in Bilbao several hours in advance of the steamer. His desire to serve me was so obvious that I felt almost constrained to leave the boat, but the trip was so short I did not care for the predicted discomforts; and, having tried to make my interlocutor clearly understand this, I sincerely thanked him for his good offices toward me and expressed an admiration for the irrepressible zeal shown for the welfare of the traveling public by those having in charge the lines of travel. In my own mind were running some contrasts in this matter quite unfavorable to my own country. I arranged a seat, or what might serve for a chair and lounge and berth, out of some boxes and bales which I was able to move, and congratulated myself in possessing a not uncomfortable place to pass the twelve hours of the journey if nothing better should offer.

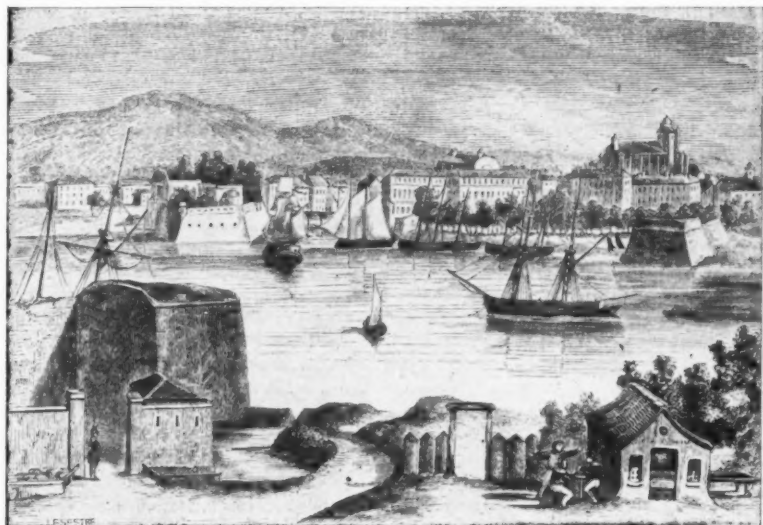
We passed the little village where I understood the boat was to let me off and the steamer was parting the smooth waters of the river almost noiselessly. The low sun was shining in softened splendor on the fields, and its warmth was freshened by the near sea. Every inch of the soil was ripening into harvests, and the land in the distance on

every side rose into wooded hills, on which the skies came down in thin, gray drapery. As we receded from the town the sun glinted on church spires and flashed from the window panes of the old castle — then used for barracks for soldiers — in which, says tradition, the massacre of St. Bartholomew was planned. Its gloomy exterior has a suggestion of something symmetrical with the character of Catherine de Medici, and one easily believes that its small rooms, thickly partitioned as if to secure silence, might have been the theater of her bloody craft. Its pierced or slit walls, for the muzzle of guns, and the then scarcely perceptible foss in places around it, intimate the violence of the ages through which the structure has passed. A Waldensian chapel stood not far from it, toward the west, and the morning sun threw the shadows of the castle over the little Huguenot place of worship. The day was well on before the unpretentious building moved from the shadow into the sunlight.

At a bend in the river the glitter of

the sun on the window panes ceased, and the buildings which had just been all aglow and sharply distinguishable from one another, suddenly sank into dull, leadened outlines. We steamed slowly past gardens, running down to the water's edge, past somber-foliaged woods, by clusters of houses, which, in the seeming absence of all visible life and movement, had the quietude of a village landscape on canvas.

A two hours' ride brought us in sight of the lighthouse and the sand dunes stretching illimitably away on either side of the debouchment of the river. The sea, in the distance, ran blue with crests breaking now and then into whitecaps, and roughened by touch with the shore. Under the whip of a brisk west wind, it tossed itself into a mild fury outside the bar, and rushed in huge waves over the obstacles to its entrance. In the calmest of waters the pilot's skill is needed for the passage. The short, choppy waves were twisting the boat and sending quivering motions through it. Although the safety signal flag had been run up the staff above



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the lighthouse, we lay a long-time in the channel.

I saw the captain in a demonstrative conversation with a gentleman who appeared to be the only other passenger aboard. I heard the words "Americano" and "peligro," and wondered why, if he thought there were any danger, he did not avail himself of the opportunity which had been proffered me, and doubtless him also, to leave the boat at the village we had just passed. If it were the absence of suitable accommodations he was remonstrating about, as I supposed it might be, he certainly had not been deceived. But nothing the captain was able to say in the least placated him. It was an extraordinary demonstration of ill humor, seemingly out of proportion to any inconveniences likely to be incurred. They stood at the extreme foredeck, speaking and gesticulating earnestly. The officer, after evident failure to mollify his interlocutor, abruptly walked away, as if his patience had been exhausted. I had occasion to recall the occurrence afterward.

Presently, after much ringing of bells down in the engine room, the steamer began to move and plunge against the incoming waves which were quite as much sand as water. The boat worked its way at last slowly through the trough and over the crest of the billows until it reached the comparatively unbroken waters outside the bar. During the passage much freight on deck was piled in heaps. My lounge shared in the disorder, but it preserved enough of its general outline to allow me to occupy it. One could easily cross broad seas and experience less of their viciousness than in passing over this short stretch of twisting billows.

Not long after, the captain came near my lounge, but whether he saw me or not I did not know. He was directing the rearrangement of the scattered freight. His cap was pulled down on his head and but little of his face was visible.

The irate passenger walked incessantly and rapidly among the heaps of merchandise as if he were endeavoring to secure release from some devouring passion. I think I rather enjoyed the exhibition. It is one of the moral consequences of a sharp attack of *mal de mer* to be delighted with the annoyances of others not similarly afflicted. It acts directly on the moral nature of the victim. It narrows his sympathies. It makes him suspect anyone exempt from it to be afflicted with some sort of abnormality, and that a kind fate which may be supposed to equalize things, has attempted, by this exemption, to make compensation for very bad mental and moral qualities which people must have who can stand on the deck of a ship and see its prow dip down into the ocean, seemingly out of sight, and enjoy the movement. I was conscious of something like envy when I saw my fellow passenger wholly unaffected by what had sent me to my lounge, and I hoped that some of the predicted discomforts would realize themselves.

The mysterious passenger came two or three times quite close to me. I had a struggling memory that I had met him in the office of an English merchant in Bilbao; that the latter had charged him with a commission to buy some merchandise in London, and that the merchant had remarked that he was a valuable aid to the foreign commerce of the city, the force of which I did not then comprehend. He had the physical characteristics of the Basque, short, heavy, low-browed, intensely black, coarse hair, flashing eyes, muddy skin with thick nostrils and heavy lips, as if secrets were safe within them.

We speedily came in sight of St. Jean de Luz, opposite which the steamer stopped. A boat put out from the harbor as soon as we were in sight and rapidly rowed toward us. When it came alongside the steamer a man handed a package of papers to the captain and held some conversation with him in Basque. The captain came to me and

said that, as evidently I was not a good sailor, he took the liberty to suggest that I return with this boat to St. Jean de Luz, that I would be in time to take the diligence that evening for Bilbao and would arrive much earlier than if I remained on board. He had arranged that the bureau of administration of the diligences would provide me with a place in the *coupé*, saying earnestly that it was an opportunity of rare fortune which was offered me to escape a voyage which he said would not only be rough on account of the weather, but which would subject me to many annoyances.

As the rare good fortune to make the balance of the journey by land did not appear enticing to me, he added that I would surely regret not having availed myself of the means which so luckily presented themselves to escape from, what he assured me with great emphasis, would prove to be vexatious. So urgent was the officer that I felt I was treating him ungraciously in not returning in the boat. But I replied that I thought he exaggerated the possibility of detention and the actual discomfort through his generous solicitude for the welfare of his passengers; that I heartily thanked him for it all, but preferred to remain aboard. After a long conversation carried on in an undertone between the captain and the boatman, the boat was rowed away toward the shore.

It was still light enough to distinguish objects in the town by the aid of glasses. I was not wholly unfamiliar with the few buildings. There was the church dimly visible, dingy with three or four centuries of dust on its walls, in which, in 1860, with gorgeous ceremony, Louis XIV was married to the Infanta. The Chateau where the Infanta abode, Spanish in all its aspects, stands near the shore. The Pyrenees, as a political separation, were never so impassable as at this time, notwithstanding the statecraft of the French and Spanish marriages. Further on among the trees was discernible the

tower of the building in which Mazarin resided while witnessing the success of his plans which would "abolish the Pyrenees," as he believed. Over and behind the town, like a vast shadow, rose La Rhune, its outlines sloping like the sides of a cone against the dim sky, while the nearer foot-hills less faintly marked their jagged forms on the wide background. The Pyrenees here pour themselves down, in isolated peaks and lower levels, until they touch the coast. The great mountain range, under "the trailing garments of the night," the lights of the town, the winding shore, at intervals lit up with fishermen's torches, the intervening sea, murmurous with the gliding movements of the water, flashing at times into patches of phosphorescence, framed a scene out of which might have issued, in spectral procession, the actors in the *coup d'état* with which the Cardinal Secretary frightened neighboring states. The very obscurity of the scene all the more vividly recalled the unrealized dreams of what was thought two centuries ago to be a great political achievement. But in Europe since that time, the way to peace through a balance of power has been across many Blenheims and Waterloos, and intermarriage between reigning families has seldom turned the edge of a sword.

If we are optimistic and have faith in forces extrinsic to ourselves, and working, in the main, over large areas of time for our good, we must assume it to be well that the dreams and schemes of men do not realize themselves in the sum of things; yet in the presence of objects which recall the wrecks in which have ended the potencies of great endeavor, we instinctively feel regret. But even the wilful Gods of Olympus could not have their own way as against unalterable fate, and men, battered by forces too strong for subduement, come to learn soon or late that there is a trend of things they cannot change.

I lay on my lounge and watched the

night settling down on the sea. Patches of water flashed into light and suddenly slid away into the general blackness. Shore lights came and passed out of the range of the ship. We seemed to be making rapid time.

Presently a great light appeared in the distance, which, from its elevation, I imagined was on the heights of Orgullo, a mountain rock which lifts itself several hundred feet from the edge of the water and intercepts the seaward view of San Sebastian. A line of lights descending from the summit soon became visible, and which I recognized as the stretch of gas jets illuminating the carriage way cut out of the side of the rock facing the sea. The heroic storming of these heights by a detachment of Wellington's army in 1813 doubtless made the great military memories to which the cashier of St. Etienne referred when urging me to take the overland route to Bilbao.

The tombs of many English officers who fell in the capture of this stronghold line either side of the carriage way, and, viewing the almost insurmountable difficulties of their task, an Englishman may read with pride the names of his countrymen who succumbed in the fierceness of the contest. The assault was attended with such loss of life that England shuddered at the greatness of the sacrifice, and although it was among the final achievements of the magnificent strategy by which Wellington drove the veteran marshals of France from the Peninsula, it did not escape a motion of inquiry in Parliament.

We steamed so rapidly past the town that I knew the mere distance traversed must have absorbed its lights as the trend of the shore furnishes no obstruction to vision, and it was quite safe to conclude that we would be off Bilbao before the flow of the tide would allow a passage over the bar.

I congratulated myself on having resisted the importunities of the officer of the steamer, who had "a suspicion

of a tempest" in the air, and I was anticipating a little triumph I should have in telling the captain that, experienced sailor as he was, he lacked the skill in guessing the weather which a mere landsman had. Some time after we had left San Sebastian, the captain came to me and said that I would find my berth in the cabin below, and showed the door to its entrance. The night air was cold, and he advised me that I had best seek my berth at once. I descended a few steps and opened a door into a room about ten feet square. A platform raised a few inches above the floor, and not more than two feet wide, ran along two sides of the room. There were some nondescript pads scattered on this platform which had been designed, in their original make-up, to serve as pillows, but their present value for that purpose was not apparent. It was not an inviting berth. I could not understand what transformation such an arrangement could undergo which would make the accommodations for passengers "clean, comfortable and luxurious." Cleanliness and comfort are fairly disputable things, but one may reasonably expect some concurrence of opinion as to what constitutes luxury.

The air was fetid, the heat oppressive. I groped about the room a long time trying to find the door I had entered through. I had a feeling that my lungs would momentarily collapse. After making its circuit several times I at last found the knob of the door; but the door was locked. I pounded, kicked it, and made all the noise I could, but being unable to force it open or make anyone hear me, I returned to the cabin determined to find a port-hole or window if possible which would let in some fresh air. I could find none. Completely exhausted, I lay down on the platform, using my satchel for a pillow. The lifeless air affected me less in a recumbent position. I recalled, with not a little satisfaction, that a Frenchman had said: "Africa

begins at the Pyrenees." He probably had made his entry into Spain in a coasting steamer. I was beginning to be not sure of my wisdom in setting aside the suggestions of the cashier of the St. Etienne as to the greater comfort of the journey by way of diligence. I recalled the advice of the captain at St. Jean de Luz.

I soon fell asleep because there was not enough oxygen in the air to keep me awake—a sleep fretted with dreams, that, recklessly, disregarded all the "unities," and hurried me through events, ages apart, in which I was in some way an actor. I had encounters with brigands, was a soldier in the Spanish army, fought against the Moors and had a blurred impression that I was not of the winning party.

When at last I awoke it was a long time before I could recall to myself the exact situation. A lamp hanging from the center of the ceiling gave so little light that I was unable to see the hands on the face of my watch, and I had no idea of the time of night. The satchel had fallen, and in falling must have opened, as its contents were scattered about on the floor. I picked it up and replaced what articles I could find. I thought I heard someone in the room, someone moving a chair. I heard steps on the stairway. I groped my way about the room until I found the door. I ascended the steps leading to the deck. The door was partly open. I went out. The air was chill and I made my way the best I could to the huge funnel that arose amidships, and sat down on a box in the lee of the wind which was blowing briskly and chilly over the deck. There had been much rearrangement of freight. In the confusion in which it was scattered when I went below I could not easily have approached the funnel. I found myself involuntarily taking in great drafts of air and was gradually overcoming the languor which had oppressed me.

Not a star glimmered in the sky. The deep silence was only broken by

the swish of the water against the keel. The boat rode low, and if it had any movement it was not perceptible. There was no stir in the engineroom and no light shown from it. I knew Spain was a land of *siestas*, and I wondered if its ships, in the midst of the seas, had their *siestas* as well. The steamer seemed abandoned by officers and crew. I began to imagine something calamitous had happened. Almost anything might have happened and I would not have known it. The suggestion came that we had made a swift run and were waiting at the debouchment of the Nervion outside the bar, for the tide to carry us over, and being near the shore and out of the way of ships, everybody was off watch. My wonderment momentarily grew. One expects some movement in the most placid of seas—some noise, however much the fires of the engine are banked; but wave, crew and machinery were as if they were not.

I was becoming conscious of a personal presence. I began to imagine the outlines of a man against the enveloping darkness, apparently twenty or more feet in front of me. I felt sure this must be an illusion, as there was not light enough in all the ambient air, if focused, to make an image. But there it was between me and the prow and as motionless as the pyramids. My senses were preternaturally alive. I fancied I heard his breathing and the figure grew in distinctness until it seemed to be the mysterious passenger whom I had seen in altercation with the captain just before we left the Adour. If it were he, he had walked off his energy. He remained in one position so long as to increase my perplexity and made me suspect I was the victim of illusion. Gradually I became aware that other persons were standing on the deck. The physical senses could not have given greater certitude, and I knew these senses had nothing to do with the conviction of this presence. I put aside as absurd the feeling of a menacing fate which

had begun to possess me. Yet it persisted, not as a product of reason,—evidently against it, and as a result of methods of cognition among the subconscious capabilities of human nature.

Suddenly I was startled from my preoccupation by some one swinging a red lantern backward and forward three times. It threw enough light on the deck to show that the dim outline which had been painted on the darkness before me was really my fellow passenger. I saw that the man who swung the lantern was the officer who had urged me to leave the steamer a short time after I had gone on board. The lantern was immediately covered and a deeper darkness settled over everything. Not the dimmest outline of anything was visible. I saw there were several persons on deck beside the passenger and the officer with the lantern.

Presently a rocket shot up from the coast, showing it to be but a short distance from where we lay. The rocket went slantingly across the sea and not far in advance of the boat, and disclosed a long, narrow stretch of level shore and groups of men standing at the edge of the water. Soon a light fell on the waters from the engine room and the sidewheels of the steamer made a few revolutions, approaching the shore. The holder of the lantern waved it once more. The people on deck, in the meantime, had changed their positions. The lights from the ship were now sufficient to distinguish objects, and the passenger and the officer with the lantern were standing close to me.

The captain, who had been on the other side of the great steam funnel and whom, therefore, I had not been able to see, walked rapidly toward me and taking my arm, said, "El Senor will do me the favor to go below into the cabin."

I walked with him to the door and descended the stairs. I heard the key turn in the lock and some angry con-

versation outside, the meaning of which I was not able to resolve.

The air was less stifling than before as the door opening on the deck as well as the one into the cabin had been left ajar. The lamp was dimmer than ever. I tried to turn up the wick but retired from the futile effort with hands covered with dust and oil. I was sure there must be a porthole in the cabin and sought a long time in the darkness to find it. I stripped off a piece of cloth tacked to the sides of the room and found what I was looking for. It gave a limited view of the coast. I could see that there was a large reflector placed on some elevation which threw a sheet of light nearly reaching the steamer. The space between the water and the base of the rock at this point for about fifty feet was unusually wide, and among the people scattered over it I could distinguish a few women. Some distance in the rear of the reflector another one was placed disclosing a rift in the wall of rock which runs with but few breaks for miles around the coast. Through these rifts which mountain torrents have made or helped to make, access is had to the interior of the country. The people on shore were waiting for the arrival of lighters which were then being filled with the freightage of the steamer. The restricted space of water visible to me appeared to be covered with boats coming from the shore. The work of unloading the lighters on their arrival at the beach went on rapidly and as rapidly the material disappeared up a gorge. The cargo was unloaded in less time than one would suppose possible. But little conversation was had, and that chiefly in Basque, some of which I was able to comprehend. Much of the cargo was transferred from the steamer on the side near the porthole through which I was able to see. I heard the words "light" and "ship approaching." Some said it was a Liverpool steamer, its course being north by east; others said it was due east and coming directly toward

them. The lights were suddenly extinguished on the ship as well as on the shore and we were again in complete darkness.

After some minutes of anxious waiting I recognized the voice of my fellow passenger, saying he thought there had been a change in the course of the coming boat and that it was now east by south. His opinion was at once acted on. I watched a process going on by which one of the lighters was quickly transformed into a fishing craft with nets and seines.

Our steamer was quickly in rapid motion northward. After running half an hour or more it came to a standstill. A decision had been reached that the ship which had created such consternation was bound for some English port, and much time was wasted before we returned to the place where the work of unloading had been begun. The work was now resumed with the greatest activity.

As the last lighter was about to leave the steamer, someone proposed a toast to the health and prosperity of her majesty's custom house officers. The proposal was received with tumultuous eagerness. Corks were drawn and glasses clinked with "*Vivan los Aduaneros.*" Like proceedings in mock honor of the revenue officials were taking place on the lighters wherever I could see them, and the people on the shore as well were waving their glasses as demonstratively as their confreres on the steamer.

As I looked at these people standing there at the water's edge—the men with blue berrettas and scarfs of various colors around their waists—the women bareheaded, with heavy black hair falling in thick plaits down their backs, in blue and red petticoats reaching to the knees and bright red handkerchiefs crossed over their shoulders—the boats flashing in and out of the track of light thrown by the reflector on the water—it seemed a scene cut out of unreality, with the weird quality of

a dream and the fascinating interest of an occurring event.

While the story which was enacting itself before me, and which is not uncommon in many lands where law makes artificial barriers to trade, has been full of tragedy in lonely seaside places and frontier passes, yet along the mountain divides between France and Spain it has thrilling episodes which live in the traditions of the adjoining people, and they are among the events of which they have a historic pride.

The contrabandero is a hero or an ex-ecrate, as your point of view may be. If you come into close range with him and he unbend himself he will be found of superior intelligence, alert and full of good-fellowship. He is sure of a hospitable welcome in the villages of the provinces he travels, and in every lonely country-house he visits. This is his security, though the carbineros of the customs are on the search for him and close on his track. He carries the goods that are needed at, supposedly, less prices than they can be obtained for elsewhere, and he is the chief medium through which arrives what little of the great world beyond ever reaches these untraveled places. His coming is an ovation.

His costume is picturesque and he has an oriental love for colors. Ordinarily it is a broadbrimmed hat or a berretta, a blue roundabout, strongly contrasted trousers, and the two pieces of the suit come together under a red or blue or parti-colored scarf wound several times around the waist and falling on the left side of the knee in a tassel of brilliant color.

After the matador he is the most popular man in the country with the village and country girls. Near the frontier he travels in companies of ten or more, always with the handle of a long-bladed knife projecting above the scarf about his waist and with a pole ten feet long which serves to leap unfordable streams. Whether he is a

bandit depends wholly upon yourself, and he will ask you with Castilian politeness, unless he supposes you are interested in increasing the customs revenue, "to do penance" with him in sharing his dinner, which he often carries to meet emergencies that may arise in going through sparsely settled regions.

He even may not be uninclined to discuss his vocation. He reminds you that the Basque people are one, living in provinces on both sides of the Bidassoa, and that they have never enthusiastically acquiesced in the events which have given them a different allegiance. He is a product of many causes, the least one of which is an intention to defraud the government. He says statutes cannot create moral turpitude, for if they could the prohibited acts would have uneven moral value. He says he is not engaged in a fraudulent business. A few steps beyond is merchandise, at a low price, which his countrymen need. The customs regulations prohibit them from having it in order to favor the business of some other man and this other man not even a Basque. Why should his interest be advanced by the depression of theirs? They seek the equality denied by law, and the State has no right to aid some at the cost of others, and try to appease those discriminated against by the pretense or reason that they get compensation in the general prosperity. France has some fabrics and products which the people living south of the frontier line need, and their hills are alive with sheep and their valleys grow wheat which their French kindred across the line need. Each one does the best he can with the situation.

But the frontier is often inclement, inclement in other respects than atmospheric conditions. The customs officer is on the lookout. Sometimes the struggle is inevitable, and it is often fatal to one of the parties. If the officer be successful and satisfied with the capture of the goods, and allow the

contrabandero to escape, there is a tacit agreement that, as the officer has done merely a disagreeable duty, that is the end of that particular transaction. But if he be not satisfied with the merchandise secured, and arrest the bearer, then cruel reprisals are inevitable. There are signals of danger which seldom fail to give him necessary warning. I think he must not be confounded with the ordinary smuggler, whatever may be thought of his argument. His opinion keeps his occupation from touching low aims. He, himself, believes in the rightfulness of the act, and believes he is in the enjoyment of an immemorial right, inherited from an unconquered ancestry—the right to buy and sell without restriction as his interest may determine—and he will tell you that this right has been recognized for centuries on both sides of the frontier, and was confirmed in the old *Fueros* and Royal charters, which have been changed without his assent and, therefore, are not obligatory upon him by the processes of centralization going on at Madrid and Paris.

The last lighter to leave the steamer passed where I had a full view of it. I recognized my fellow passenger from Bayonne among the six who were in it. He was standing talking to someone on the deck. I heard him say: "I wish you good luck with your amigo Americano. I include his health with that of her majesty's customs officers," and he lifted a bottle of wine to his lips.

I recognized also among the group in the boat, which by that time had floated just in front of me, a woman. She presented such a contrast to the other women who had come in the lighters, and whom I saw on the shore, that her office in the business in hand was not apparent. She had not the angular features and the short, unsymmetrical form of the class of Basque women upon whom the drudgeries of their laborious life have left ineffaceable marks. A bright light fell upon

the boat from the deck of the steamer, and it was apparent that she did not belong to the order of women who had been assisting in unloading the steamer. Her eyes were large, and great masses of black hair were gathered upon her head, straying in strands over her face and tumbling in confusion over her neck. She rose from her seat as the toasts were drank and stood lithe and graceful, waving her hands as expressive of her approval of the procedure. As the boat rowed away, passing into the greater light from the coast, I thought I remembered her as one whom I had seen in the Paseos and Alamedas in Bilbao, and who had been pointed out to me as a typical Andalusian beauty.

Soon after the lighter reached the shore the reflectors were taken down and all the lights extinguished. After the lapse of probably fifteen minutes a burning torch was held up on the top of a cliff and two men were visible, one of whom was the Bayonne passenger. It was evidently a signal for the departure of the steamer.

We were speedily in rapid motion. The boat ran on the surface of the water, with a swaying movement that made it difficult to stand without holding to something. I attempted to fasten the strip of cloth over the porthole, when I heard some one descending the stairs. I lay down on the platform.

The captain came and stood near me for some minutes. I gave no sign of wakefulness. He sat down in one of the chairs with evident mental perturbation. I thought he was wondering what I could have learned of the transaction aboard, "cabined, cribbed, confined" as I was. A little stream of gray light came hesitantly through the opening, above the head of the officer, through which I had seen what had been going on, and which he must have noticed had he not otherwise been intensely preoccupied. He remained fifteen or twenty minutes and then slowly went to the door and up on deck.

Half an hour thereafter I went up from the cabin. Not a particle of freight was visible. A strong wind was blowing the sea into hollows and hills and the steamer was plunging through them at a rapid pace. The outline of the near shore on the left was distinct in the gray light, streaking the low eastern sky. The waves lifted by an eager wind beat noisily against the coast wall and scattered flakes of foam to great heights. We were running past villages where nets, stretched between poles, indicated the chief occupations of the inhabitants. The houses were of thick stone, dingy and weather-worn, old enough to have been, and doubtless were, the homes of the stalwart fishermen who acquired, in the treacherous seas of Biscay, the daring and skill which carried the Basques, three and four hundred years ago, as far as Iceland, and, as it is claimed, to New Foundland.

A tradition survives among these villagers that one of their inhabitants (and several villages claim the honor of his birth), who had sailed great leagues over the western ocean, had been to Terra Nueva—New Foundland—wherever that was, to which he had been driven by stress of weather, went with Columbus on his first voyage. The honor of the discovery of America has several claimants, but the part the fugitive whale played in it, in training its pursuers and familiarizing them with the mystery of the sea, has been entirely overlooked.

A little after sunrise we reached Portugaleta where the Nervion enters the bay, and went airily over the bar though the tide had been ebbing for some time. As Bilbao came in sight five or six miles up the river, the captain came to me with gracious salutation, not wholly disguising an air of embarrassment, and said he feared I had not had as agreeable a voyage as I might have anticipated and such as he desired all the patrons of the steamer should have; that as soon as it was

known there would be a large amount of cargo for delivery at intermediate points, it was decided not to carry passengers in consequence of an inevitable inability to provide for their comfort. He continued: "The information was given to the public and the tickets issued for passage were recalled. In some way it appears that you were not informed of the decision. Provision was made for your transportation, both at Bayonne and St. Jean de Luz, but you preferred to remain aboard, and whatever inconvenience or lack of attention existed is not fairly chargeable to the steamship management."

I had a feeling of satisfaction with the result of the voyage, and a conviction that I owed no small obligation to the captain, to which I endeavored to give adequate expression.

"Pardon me, Senor," he continued; "you intend to remain some time in Bilbao?"

I replied that that was my present purpose, and hoped to have the pleasure of another voyage on the Andario.

With Castilian politeness he said: "El Senor is very amiable," and, advancing a step or two nearer, as if some confidence were involved, and, hesitantly, as if some doubt were restraining him, looking at the town coming into view by a bend in the river, went on: "Senor, Spain, and particularly

this part of it, has some peculiar ways, which are apt to be misunderstood by those transiently in the country, who are not, and cannot well be, familiar with the old customs and commercial freedom of the Basques. Senor understands that their *Fueros* or ancient charters secured them privileges which were theirs immemorially, but strangers do not understand that they have never willingly surrendered these charter privileges to the central government. They consider them still operative, and are justly proud of them as badges of their ancient invincibility. Among these privileges is the freedom of trade—the unhampered right to buy and sell in the best market for the buyer and seller. Revenue restrictions of this right seem to them, therefore, an invasion of ancestral privilege, which duty and patriotism alike impel them to resist. Senor must see how easily a stranger may misjudge them. In matters of trade they are not conscious of wrong-doing, morally or politically, in asserting their ancient freedom by nullifying the operations of the central power which has undertaken to deprive them of their fuero-secured rights."

And then, after a moment's hesitation, as if to give emphasis: "I count on the Senor's discretion," and bowed himself away with a *Hasta La Vista*.

(To be concluded in the October Midland.)



COLUMBIA'S MISSION.

I.

The wheel of time revolving round
Brings back again the self-same play;
The history of years long gone
Is oft the story of to-day.

II.

The shifting scenes are ever changed;
New actors take the place of old;
The plot remains alway the same
No matter how or when 'tis told.

III.

In peaceful times we laugh and sing
And dream our dreams of love and fame,
Care naught for clouds that gather round
And threaten oft our own fair name.

IV.

Alas, that we should ever wake
From dreams so sweet to truth so grave!
Alas, that times so out of joint
Must sacrifice our sons so brave!

V.

From out a Southern sea there comes
A wail so pitiful and deep
That hearts are touched with deep distress,
Men bow their heads and women weep.

VI.

They ask for bread, they cry for help;
We may not close our ears, for He
Who taught the better way, has said,
"Give thou to them a drink for Me."

VII.

We thought to clothe and feed the sick,
Watch over those who could not fight,
See truth and justice meted out,
And never wrong o'er-ride the right.

VIII.

We manned our ships with bravest men,
Ne'er dreaming they so soon must die,
And sent them forth to watch and wait
Their banner this,—Humanity.

IX.

O, tale most horrible to tell!
O, days and nights so fraught with pain!
Our nation never can forget
The awful fate that met the Maine.

X.

O, Island in that Southern Sea!
Your cry for help at last we hear
For shot and shell your answer bring,
—The end must come, for help is near.

XI.

In years gone by, brave men have died
Defending home and country's bliss:
But ne'er before, on land or sea,
Has sword been drawn for cause like this.

XII.

Once, long ago, there came to us
From foreign land, a hero brave;
He came to succor and relieve
But asked he naught for all he gave.

XIII.

Brave Lafayette left home and friends
To give us aid in time of need,
That day long passed we ne'er forget,—
Our cause was saved—our country freed.

XIV.

This lesson well we learned from him:
That selfish end not always is
The goal that lures the victor on;
And well we know it was not his.

XV.

'Tis not for glory or renown
We've buckled on our armor new,
Nor yet for gain we've marshaled forth
Our armies strong and brave and true.

XVI.

But in the cause of suffering man (sheathed
Our swords once drawn will ne'er be
Till Spain has ceased to starve and kill,
And victory and peace are breathed.

XVII.

When starving Russia asked for help
With lavish hand we sent her food;
But Cuba's needs are greater far,
—For her we shed our dearest blood.

XVIII.

All nations watch with bated breath,
Since plane so high was never trod;
The weak amazed—the brave applaud—
We do our best and trust in God.

XIX.

Each age has seen her heroes rise
From lowly depths to grandest height;
On brazen door and marble shaft
Their names are carved in letters bright.

XX.

But when the scenes are changed again,
The actors now upon the field
Will stand like giants, as they are,
Who feared no foe, no point would yield.

XXI.

A history unique and grand,
With pride Columbia's name will grace;
The records of her noble deeds
Insure for her the highest place.

XXII.

Our place shall be with nations great;
Our flag shall float on land and sea,
Without a loss of stripe or star,
Till time shall reach eternity.

XXIII.

Ah, well we love that starry flag
Its crimson stripes, its field of blue;
And well we love each blazing star;—
For it we'll pray—to it be true.

XXIV.

And whether sailing on the sea
Or marching over burning sand,
That flag shall lead our soldiers on
While hearts keep time to music grand.

XXV.

O, brothers dear! O, soldiers brave!
Where'er your footsteps wander now,
You carry strength to weary hearts,
To crush the yoke 'neath which they bow.

XXVI.

Tho' days and weeks and months go by
Before you end your heavy task,
If faith and hope and wishes count
The end must needs be all we ask.

XXVII.

By day, by night, this prayer is ours:
May strength direct and wisdom guide
The arm that wields war's instruments,
And justice be with truth allied!

XXVIII.

The God of battles be with those
Who bravely fight to right the wrong,
Protect our boys so brave and true
And haste the end for which we long!

Anna Slater Harsh.

THE STORY OF A FAILURE.

BY FANNY KENNISH EARL.

I.

THE sun was setting behind the pines. It was a sunset riotous in gorgeous reds and yellows, such an one as only the rashest impressionist would have dared to transfer to canvas.

A young girl sat on the old stile, half hidden by the lilac bushes, watching the glowing colors. She held in her lap a white cat, who purringly announced his satisfaction of the situation as the long, slim fingers gently stroked his back. The girl was small and thin, with large, dark-blue eyes and heavy, black hair falling in loose braids upon her shoulders. It was combed straight back from a broad, white forehead, but a few stray locks had escaped from the confining braid and curled around her temples. She sat, seemingly as contented as the cat, watching the changing tints as they melted into the soft gray of the twilight. After a while she rose, coddling the cat in her arms, and walked away from the stile, through the rank growth of milkweed and evening primroses, which monopolized the deserted streets. Beyond the milkweed there was a stretch of white sand, entirely destitute of vegetation. It was the Great Sahara, and many a laden caravan Cecil Hunting had led across the waste country to the green lands on the further side. But she was not thinking of that. She was yet too near her childhood to see either its beauty or its pathos. One must needs have the perspective of a score or two of years to see all the fullness and richness of the child life. Beyond the stretch of sand was a green hollow,—so green and soft that it must have been watered by an underground stream, for the dewberry vines grew there in a luxurious tangle, just as they did along the bank of the river.

Cecil knew that behind the thick green curtains was hidden a nest of half-grown rabbits, but it was too late to visit them. Besides, though Pearl, the white cat, was a frequent companion in her rambles, Cecil did not take him to the rabbit's nest. She had recognized, thus early, the fact that even love must sometimes discriminate.

From the hollow the road ran through a thicket of willows and hazel to the river. It was a green and mossy road, little used except for a foot-path. On the right a little opening in the forest still showed some signs of cultivation, and a few ragged and untrimmed apple trees indicated why it bore the name of "The Orchard." Cecil knew that there was a brown thrush's nest cunningly hidden under the roots of an old stump in the orchard, but she did not trust the white cat with that secret, either.

To the left the wagonroad followed the curve of the river, making an outward bend around a thicket of thorn-apple trees, alders and hazel. It crossed diagonally an enclosure whose rail fence lay in half-rotten piles, and whose only crop was a thrifty growth of mullein. Although there were not more than four or five acres in the enclosure, it was known as "The Big Field." Passing out of the enclosure there was a climb of a sandy hill, and the road disappeared in a forest of pines. Cecil kept the road to the river, but her eyes followed the road over the hill. The cat, evidently accustomed to these twilight wanderings, kept a sharp lookout, turning his small head to the right and left, and sometimes climbing to his little mistress' shoulder for a wider view. Satisfied that the dusk was uninhabited by other strollers than themselves, he would nestle back in her arms. Pres-

ently, he gave a low growl, and Cecil's arms tightened about him with a sudden, nervous tension, as she stopped to determine whether the cause of alarm was a stray calf, a masterless dog, or one of the infrequent tramps who occasionally stopped at the cottage. There was a rustling among the bushes. The cat gave a savage growl, and with a sudden spring leaped to the ground and fled into the darkness. Not so the girl. There was both fear and curiosity in her mood, but she had learned the wood-stroller's habit of boldly investigating all sudden alarms, and thus removed most of the terrors which her beloved and lonely byways would have had for a solitary girl.

A moment later two men emerged from the shadows. Catching sight of the little figure poised on the hillock, they turned abruptly toward her.

"Good evening, little girl," said one of them. "Can you tell us if there is a hotel or boarding-house hereabouts?"

"There isn't any," Cecil replied. She could not see their faces, but the pleasant voice reassured her. "Except," she added, "except the tavern."

"And where is that?"

"About a mile down the river, just below the Dell Creek bridge; but I don't think they keep people there now, and—you might not like to stay there if they did."

"Where do you live, little girl?" asked the other man.

Cecil pointed to the cottage, a dim white among the trees.

"Perhaps we could stay there," he suggested. "Will you go with us?"

Cecil followed them silently.

"If they had only come over the hill!" she was thinking.

Mrs. Hunting, rocking placidly on the broad piazza and watching the boys in their boisterous play, was mildly wondering what had become of Cecil. The cat, sitting watchfully on the step, gave a low growl as the three came through the lilac hedge. The mistress answered the request for a night's lodg-

ing coldly. She could not well accommodate them. It was not for lack of room, surely, for the house was an old-fashioned, rambling affair, of many additions and after-thoughts; nor for want of a kindly spirit, for she was known the whole country round for her helpfulness and willingness to serve; but because she was a widow with no protection but her half-grown boys, and the place was lonely, so she did not feel quite safe in admitting the stray wayfarers who sometimes asked for a night's lodging.

But the two were not easily repulsed. They were tired and hungry. It was three miles back to the village, which the beauty of the sunset had tempted them to pass by. A return meant a tramp, or a hard row against the stiff current of the "June rise."

"Don't send us away," the younger man pleaded. "We will sleep anywhere—camp out on the piazza, if you like; but we are tired, and hungry enough to eat—the cat."

The cat, being on his own premises, did not resort to further flight at this cannibalistic suggestion—for so it seemed to Cecil—but sent back a muffled defiance from his retreat in her lap.

Mrs. Hunting relented. They were surely no ordinary tramps. They had the manner and language of gentlemen, and she gave a consenting "Well, if you will put up with what we've got," and went in to prepare supper.

The older man threw himself on the grass and lay with his face to the stars; the younger one took the vacated rocking chair and began talking to Cecil.

"This is a pretty country—this Wisconsin valley."

"Yes?" said Cecil interrogatively.

"Yes? Why certainly. It is wonderful, the river and the wave-eaten rocks, with the background of pines. Surely you must think so!"

"I love it," said the girl simply. "The River, and Lone Rock, and Bald Hill, and The Orchard—but," with a little sigh, "I do not know anything

else. It seems to me there must be nicer things outside."

"Outside?"

"Yes. Listen." She held up a long, slender hand, moving it with a free, graceful sweep as she spoke. "Do you hear the whistle? It is the evening train. It goes around in a circle." She followed with hand and swaying body the echoing circle of her fancy. "Inside is all I know; but every time I hear the whistle it seems to be a voice calling me from the outside. I remember when I was a little girl,"—the listener smiled—"I heard it one day when I was sitting on the big stone step of the schoolhouse, and it has been calling to me ever since. I have wanted so much to go, and," she ended with a glad ring of triumph in her voice, "I am going soon. Mamma says I may go to the University in the fall. Just think! and I have never been on the cars yet. But I cannot go all the time," she added, regretfully. "I will have to stay out and teach part of the time; but I think I can get along. It is easy for me to learn and I like to study."

"Teach!" exclaimed the amused listener.

Cecil drew herself up a little proudly.

"I have a teacher's certificate now," she said in a hurt tone. "I could have taught school this summer if I had not been so small." She pulled her short skirts over her feet. "I have one long dress," she said confidentially. "You can't think how tall I look in it. Mamma did not want it so, but people will never think I am a woman if I dress like a little girl."

"Perhaps that is so," the man replied. "I, for instance, would never have dreamed that you are a woman."

Cecil's eyes filled with tears and she stroked the cat silently; but she was not permitted to remain silent long, and "What do you read?" opened his confidence afresh.

"Shakespeare."

It was well that the darkness veiled the smile in the man's eyes.

"And what play do you like best?"

"I don't know. I like them all," Cecil said with delightful impartiality. "I read them over and over, and the sonnets, too."

"It is true," said Cecil's mother, coming to summon them to supper. "She pores over the book from morning till night. I don't care for the stuff myself. I like history or a good story; but Cecil is like her father. He used to recite Milton and Shakespeare by the hour."

Cecil followed them in. The low-ceiled dining-room was pretty and neat although it showed the marks of the most rigid economy, not to say, poverty; but the white spread table with its blue dishes, its fragrant tea and its daintily prepared food, was a sight for hungry travelers to remember. Cecil sat in a rocking chair and swayed softly to and fro while her mother waited upon their guests. She was "sizing them up" was the younger man's mental comment, as he smilingly noticed her intense gaze.

The older man, who introduced himself as Thomas Austin, artist, was slender, with a dark, bronzed face, hair and moustache lightly touched with gray, and keen, quiet, observant eyes. The other, whose card read "Ernest Cameron, civil engineer," was a pure blond. His hair and short, full beard were of that rare, golden tint, which the devotees of fashion strive, by the use of chemicals, to imitate, and his clear, blue eyes seldom lost their look of smiling content with the world. His figure, slightly inclined to portliness, and his full beard gave him an appearance of maturity which was not quite compatible with his fresh complexion and boyish manner. Still he had the air of serene self-possession which comes only through familiar contact with the world in its best conditions.

After supper, Mrs. Hunting took away the dishes, and Mr. Cameron turned to Cecil, who still rocked dreamily by the window, glancing, now and then, at a worn book in her lap, as if

she was silently conning over something.

"What are you studying, Miss Cecil?"

"Latin," she answered. "Mr Hicks, the Presbyterian minister, over town, helps me."

"And have you got as far as *amo* yet?" asked Cameron, laughing.

Cecil answered very simply and earnestly, "I am studying the first declension. I have translated a few of the fables I am only just beginning."

She laid aside her book and bade them good night quietly.

"Don't go," pleaded Cameron. "I like to talk with you. Do you write poetry as well as read it?"

Cecil's pale face became paler, her dark eyes glowed with a strange light. This stranger had come unbidden into her temple, had touched with sacrilegious hands her holy of holies. All her life she had been alone; her romping brothers had teased her; her mother had regarded with a tender impatience her wayward moods; the few neighbors had found her to be "a queer child" who preferred mooning around in the woods alone to playing with other children, and prophesied evil as the result of her peculiar habits of thought and quiet wilfulness. Crusoe, on his island, was not more alone than this slip of a girl, in all the essentials of her life. She had looked forward to finding sympathy and companionship in the college life, knowing nothing, poor child, of the brutal commonplaceness of the average student, and unconscious of the fact that her peculiar characteristics would leave her alone quite as much in a community as in her own quiet home.

But this intruder? She swayed a moment in a giddy bewilderment, and then threw down all her defenses. *He* understood her. It was the solution of life's problem. What more had the great world to offer? In the pause between his question and her answer, when, regarding him with her earnest eyes, he was tried by the simple standards of a pure and fervent soul, the child

had, indeed, become a woman. The color began to tinge her throat and ears and creep into her cheeks.

"A little, sometimes," she answered softly.

"Won't you read some of it to me, please?"

Cecil stood amazed. It was known in the family that she assayed to write poetry; indeed, several thin note books carefully put away in the corner of the writing desk were known to the irrepressible boys as "*The Books of Poetry*," but it was a novel experience that anyone should wish to read them. After a moment's hesitation she took down a portfolio and looking carefully through it, selected a few bits of closely-written paper. These were her latest efforts, and had not yet been embalmed in a book. They were entitled, "*The Thrush's Nest*," "*What the Pine Tree Said*" and "*Under the Vines*."

She read them with some embarrassment and sudden uplifting of her long-lashed eyes to discover whether or not her audience was taking her seriously; but she caught no smiles,—their faces were earnest and interested. It was as if they, too, had felt the subtle change which had transformed an interesting child into an earnest woman, who poured out her whole heart to them without fear and without reserve.

The little poems were not very remarkable; they were faulty in rhythm and crude in expression; they were valuable only as a means of demonstration to a passionate heart whose deepest experience thus far, had been an intense and sympathetic love of nature in all her moods.

Cameron, thanking Cecil with the frank courtesy which one sincere soul always gives to another, laid his hand lightly upon her shoulder in a manner that was very fatherly for a young man not yet twenty-five; but she shrank back with the quick instinct of maidenhood, and he felt rebuked.

Austin, lying lazily on the couch, caught the pure profile with its uplifted

ed eyes turned upon his friend. He gave a little exclamation of admiration. "The spirit of the summit," he quoted, and an intelligent glance flashed between the two.

Cecil looked puzzled, and glanced from one to the other. Then she said "good night" again.

"She has a rare feeling for color," was the artist's comment as Cecil passed out. "She is more artist than poet. I should like to teach her." He took a little sketch book from his pack and made a rapid pencil sketch.

Mrs. Hunting, coming in, looked pleased at this manifestation of interest in her daughter. "It is very like her," she said examining the sketch critically. "That is, there are times when she has that expression. I think it is Cecil at her best. She is not often pretty."

The artist smiled, the compliment was as sincere as it was unintentional. "People ought to be taken at their best," he said. "The best is none too good for the most of us."

It was very early in the morning when the two travelers took their departure. They stood by the hedge a moment and looked back at the cottage, white against a background of luxuriant, untrimmed locusts. In front was the lilac hedge, and a tangled mass of Scotch roses. They were both thinking of the girl who, with her passionate, undisciplined nature, was already answering to the call from the outside, and sending back her fearless challenge to the world.

"I am glad," said Cameron, giving expression to his thought, "that she is going away to school. It would be a pity to dwarf such a nature as hers in this deserted place. Discovering 'mute, inglorious Miltons,' isn't exactly my profession, but I venture to say we shall hear of Cecil Hunting again."

His companion looked at him with undisguised contempt.

"If one could draw 'the circle,' and shut her forever within it, if one could

break her ambitious spirit with disappointment, and transmute the passion of her nature into expression, if one could concentrate all the emotion of her artistic and literary moods into one line, we should hear from Cecil Hunting again. If she goes to college she will fall into the rut of college life, and will probably take the first honors and marry some conceited undergraduate who will bring her down to his own level of mediocrity, and she will spend her life trying to set her pace to the decorous march of society, or," he glanced upward toward the window whose white curtain fluttered in the morning breeze, "one may see a newspaper paragraph of a"—

"Stop," said Cameron roughly, "let us go."

"It will be so," said Austin, doggedly, turning away. "With the broader life comes the divided purpose, and a divided purpose to an intense nature like hers means mental or physical suicide. To be at one with itself, some one purpose must be dominant and absorbing, and isolation is a primal necessity. Her nature is rich enough to open half a dozen doors to her. There is her danger. The man with one talent is not in as much danger of hiding it away in a napkin," he philosophized as they tramped away. "It is the man with ten who makes a muddle of life."

Behind the curtain fluttering in the morning wind there knelt a slender figure in a white nightgown. As the men turned away, the girl looked after them a moment, raised her arms with an involuntary gesture, as if warding off a blow, and threw herself in an abandonment of despair across her little, white bed.

II.

The President of the Great Republic was taking a holiday trip. It had its political significance, doubtless; but to the sovereign people it was simply a holiday. Crowds gathered at the stations through which he passed, as small

boys gather around a circus tent, intent on seeing the show. The newspaper reporters called it an "ovation" which the President received at the various points of travel. People of all political faiths good-naturedly crowded each other to catch a glimpse of the over-fed magnate and his pretty, young wife. Democrats, Republicans, Prohibitionists, Populists, threw up their hats together and hurraed for the President. It was doubtless a very gratifying spectacle to the chief magistrate, and would probably have been even more highly appreciated if so many of them had not gone home and voted for the other fellow.

But, at any rate, the dome was gilded, the crowd was interested, the populace had a holiday. The great northwest,—where presidents are not an everyday spectacle,—was particularly gratified over the trip that brought this pageant through its borders; for all the world,—in beholding it through the pen-pictures of the ubiquitous reporter,—beheld, also, its broad prairies, its boundless forests, its mighty rivers, its magnificent lakes, and its rich and busy cities.

At the state capital there were great preparations made to receive the presidential party, for they were to tarry there for a day and a night. The day was given up to the common people, who thronged the capitol to clasp for a moment the hand of a man to whom hand-shaking had become monotonous, but who, nevertheless, contrived to put enough grip into the moment's contact to make some men feel that it was a great thing to vote for a man for President whom they had met face to face; and it was something to tell one's children's children that the common people had shaken hands with the President of the Great Republic.

The evening was devoted to the inner circle,—to the state officials, to the political power, the wealth, the culture, the beauty of the state. Certainly it was the flower of its manhood and woman-

hood that gathered in the Governor's mansion.

It was surely a rare tribute to one's personal attractions to be singled out for particular comment and admiration from that throng of distinguished men and beautiful women, but that distinction was doubtless awarded to Mrs. Searles. Dressed in black with studied simplicity, she was everywhere the center of admiring groups.

"Say, Cameron, who is the lady in black to whom the President is talking?" asked a young member of the presidential party of a comrade.

"A daughter of the gods," was the smiling response. "I was presented to her, but I failed to catch the name, and before I could fairly recover myself she was swept away. Do you know, Howard, I don't think I care for this sort of thing any more. I enjoyed my first trip through this country vastly more. It was fourteen or fifteen years ago. I was sent to look up some government lands up in the pine country. My cousin, Tom Austin—you know him, of course—went with me. We took a steamer from Chicago to Ashland, but came back across the country to Milwaukee all sorts of ways—tramped, came down the Wisconsin in a row-boat, camped with the Indians—took life in the rough. It is an experience I should like to repeat."

Cameron turned away a little wearily. The lights, the flowers, the brilliant company did not accord with his mood. He stepped out upon a piazza, where the cool night air and the soft, monotonous lap of the lake touched his restless spirit like a gentle, human hand. But someone else, also weary of the heat and light and the hum of human voices, was there before him. She turned her face quickly. Cameron uttered a low exclamation of surprise and delight, and held out his hand.

"Now I know why your face has haunted me all the evening. I had hardly thought to find you so near to your native heath; but I am glad to

see you,—would be glad to see you anywhere."

The lady smiled.

"I knew you instantly," she said, "although you are younger than you were fifteen years ago."

Cameron had not fulfilled the promise of his portly young manhood. He was slender, and his smooth face gave him a boyish appearance.

"I cannot say that of you," he responded, "but, if years add so much, who will dare prophesy what another fifteen years will bring you?"

"We have learned a secret or two, we women," the lady answered lightly.

"There are plenty of grandmothers in there," pointing one slender finger toward the parlors,—*"people do not become distinguished much before the grandmother age—but there are no old women."*

"That is true," said Cameron. "How do they manage it?"

"That was nice of you, that 'they'; but I have learned the secret, too. With you gentlemen it is a simple affair, you merely shave; but with us,"—there was a moment's hesitation,—*"it is a process of vivisection, by which that troublesome organ, familiarly known as the heart, is 'extracted without pain.' That is the formula—the same as the traveling dentist's,—and if there happens to be any pain the music is so loud that no one hears the cry and the end is accomplished. One is so glad to have it over with. After that there is peace. If one can only succeed in performing the same operation upon her conscience she may live forever. It is the 'elixir of life,' and the fountain of youth in one. Don't mind the mixed metaphors, please. I'm not literary, any more."*

Cameron regarded his companion keenly for a moment.

"I was about to ask," he said, "about your work, and how many books you have written. I beg your pardon for the question, but I have lived abroad for ten years, and my reading has been chiefly of international law."

The young lady laughed. She laughed easily and her tones were very sweet; but there seemed to Cameron's sensitive ear a discordant note.

"You might be excused for the question if you had not lived abroad," she answered. "One poor, little thing is all. It was published before I was eighteen, and I ought to be forgiven. I have reaped a little benefit from it, though it was neither a literary nor a financial success. It does not take much to establish one in society as a literary person, and on the strength of that venture into realms where angels may well fear to tread, I have been introduced to a number of real lions. There is another advantage, too; in the report of an assembly like this, for instance, when the poor society reporter is at his wit's end for adjectives, he is so glad to find some other peg than one's personal appearance upon which to hang his descriptive rhetoric. When there are so many 'beautiful women' in 'elegant attire' it is something of a relief to be distinguished as the 'writer of graceful verses.' I think the poor, little book did me a good turn after all."

Cameron looked wonderingly at the fair, smiling face with its beautiful eyes. They, at least, were unchanged.

"But," he said, speaking this thought aloud, *"you are changed."*

"Your tone would indicate not a complete satisfaction in the change," she said lightly.

"That is impossible," Cameron answered earnestly. "It is only surprise that the demure little bud should open into such splendid bloom, but—the bud was sweet in its own way." Then he added in a low, penetrating tone which might have reached to the deeper nature which he felt sure lay beneath the frivolous, society exterior, "Do you ever hear the voices, now?"

The lady laughed in an amused manner.

"Not often."

Cameron took up her bantering tone.

"And do you still read Shakespeare and study Latin, Miss Hunting?"

It was the lady's turn to look surprised.

"You have an excellent memory, Mr. Cameron," she replied, "but the gods did not bestow upon you all the gifts and graces. You seem to be lacking the sixth sense. You have not even such penetration as would seem almost a necessity in your vocation as a diplomat. You know, do you not," she went on hastily, "that every one has an idiosyncrasy peculiar to himself which may be used as a defense against undue criticism; you probably also know the truth of the little remark that a woman may do almost anything if it is only known that she draws a line *somewhere*. Well, I draw mine on the further side of saying what I please, provided only it is the truth. With this prologue, pardon me if I say that I have known men who could in something less than fifteen years appreciate the fact that a girl could pass from the first declension to the first conjugation in a single lesson."

Cameron's face was very white and his lips tense with emotion as he stepped impulsively forward and laid his hand upon hers.

"Cecil," he began—

She stepped back with the same quick, repellant motion he remembered so well.

"Pardon," she said, "I am Mrs. Searles. I see that I have spoken once too often; I shall have to move the line."

Cameron's head dropped.

"You are very cruel," he said in a husky voice, "at least I have been truer to my ideal than you. I have never married—"

She laughed again,—such a sweet and merry laugh, but yet there was the discordant note.

"That is amusing, Mr. Cameron, that a shy schoolgirl with overgrown hands and feet and a mania for 'making poetry' should have made such an impression that even ten years of the old world did not efface it."

"This much at least is true" He met her mocking look unflinchingly.

"In the apartment, which is the only home I have known for years, there hangs a water color painting of a girl's face. It is a profile and bears a striking resemblance to the one before me as the lights from the parlors fall upon it. My friends have named it, 'The spirit of the summit.' It is my St. Cecelia, as well." He paused a moment. "A fellow had to have a decently clean record to go to sleep under those eyes. My cousin, whom you, perhaps, also graciously remember, painted it for himself, but I begged for it. He kept the little pencil sketch, but he never painted it again. 'There is but one such face,' he said, 'We cannot both have it.'"

Mrs. Searles leaned heavily against the pillar of the piazza. Her breath came and went quickly. Once twice she opened her lips as if to speak, but she uttered no word.

"Good bye," said Cameron holding out his hands and savagely crushing the two slender ones laid in them. This, then, was the end?

"Or so very little longer!" the still smiling lips quoted.

He dropped her hands, grinding a curse between his set teeth, and turned away.

III.

In a beautiful room in one of the stately homes overlooking the lake a woman sat before a writing table. A diary lay open before her and the last entry was this.

"It has come and gone again. It did not come, before, over the hill. I was so sure that something,—someone,—would come to me over the hill, and I watched for it day after day; but it came upon me suddenly, out of the night, that something which transferred me into a new being. So again it did not come by the path of propriety and correct form, but leaped over all the barriers of custom and the conventionalities of society to make its own opportunity. It was a wooing after my own

heart, but I could not accept it. No, how could I, after I had laid bare my own heart after that reckless fashion? I used the man's privilege, but I received the woman's hurt. I could not tell him that I was free,—that never in my life was I so completely my own,—that no living being had a claim upon me, and that even to the dead I owed nothing. I could not tell him—and he is gone,—gone too, believing hard and cruel things of me. What remains? I have traveled till I am weary, and I shall never have a home. I have learned too many things and learned them too well ever to accomplish anything in any of them. I sing too well ever to be an artist; I paint too well ever to accomplish anything in literature, for I follow first one call and then another. I am too fond of ease and luxury ever to attempt the heroic. There was but one chance for me to perfect my life. Love could have made me kind and gentle and unselfish. I have thrown it away. To another it might come again. Some women love

easily,—but it is not for me. I have thrown it away. But there is still the problem of what shall fill the gap between the end of this life and the beginning of the next. I am tired—tired "

The writer lay back among the crimson cushions. She was very pale and very lovely, and there was a half-smile on her lips. So might a child have looked who had dropped to sleep in its mother's arms. One slender hand lay on the cushioned arm of the chair, but the pen had dropped from its hold and the pretty trifle of pearl and gold lay at her feet. The gray dawn crept in and found the lights still burning. There came upon the lake a flood of gold and crimson light, but the eyes that loved so much to linger upon beautiful things did not open to this beauty. The maid knocked softly on the door but her mistress gave no response. A humming bird flew in through the open window and hovered lovingly above the crimson chair, but it did not waken the sleeper.

The gap had been filled.

THE COMING OF PEACE.

OUT of war's troubled sky of smoke and fire
Cometh the dove of peace on silver wings,
Down from the throne of God she joyous springs
Bearing message sweet with Christ's desire;
And as she swiftly stoops to earth, man's ire,
The rage of war, the venom battle brings,
Melt like miasmic mists when morning flings
Her beams afar and gladness tunes her lyre.
O shout ye hills and answer back ye stars,
For freedom's banner with its crimson bars
Is floating where the Spanish ensign waved!
There, slaves rise up to freedom and are men,
A noble isle from tyranny is saved
And o'er our land sweet peace is brooding once again.

Clarence Hawkes.

A MIDLAND MUSICAL CENTER.

BY SYLVANUS URBAN.

DES MOINES, the fair capital of the Hawkeye State, has for a number of years been recognized as one of the musical centers of the West. This reputation has been gained largely through the abilities and activity of the many excellent musicians who have been attracted to the city, and have made it their home. Before considering present conditions, it may be of interest to briefly mention some of the earlier musical organizations that have had a part in making Des Moines' musical history.

Everything must have a beginning, and, as with many another Western city, the first musical organization formed in Des Moines was a brass band, which came into existence in 1858. The following year an orchestra was formed, which furnished music for the various social affairs of the time.

During the years which followed various musical organizations came into existence, flourished for a time, and succumbed to different influences. Intimately associated with the history



Photo by Webster.

PROF. HENRI RUIFROK,
Director Piano Department Des Moines Musical College.

of Des Moines musical life are the names of Prof. V. C. Taylor, Mr. C. W. Keyes, Mr. Henry Plumb, Mr. Thomas Hatton, Mr. H. I. Proctor, Miss Nichols and Treat and others.

Among the early organizations which made claim to public favor in a large way was the Woollett Opera Company, which, about 1879, 1880 and 1887, presented a number of light operas in a creditable manner, under the direction of Mr. John Woollett, at that time a leading singer and vocal teacher here.

About 1883 the Philharmonic Society was organized and gave successful concerts of a high order during several seasons. About 1885 the Gerberich Grand Orchestra was organized, and until 1893 gave an annual series of very creditable concerts.

The Des Moines Vocal Society enjoyed a brilliant but brief existence about 1889-90.

During the seasons of 1894-95 and 1896-97 the Riedelsberger String Quartette gave series of successful concerts.



Photo by Edinger.

DR. M. L. BARTLETT,
President and Musical Director Des Moines Musical College.



Photo by Webster.

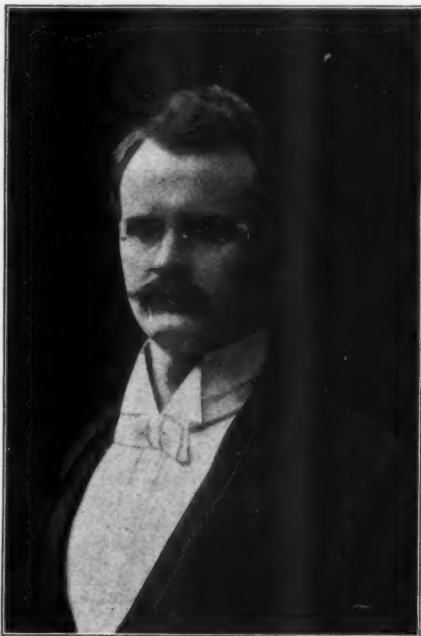
PROF. M. M. ALSBURY, VIOLINIST.

At present Des Moines has no regularly organized choral society, though it is probable one may be formed the coming season from the Chautauqua Festival Chorus. The Apollo Club, a male chorus of about forty voices, has given a number of excellent concerts during the past few seasons. The Woman's Musical Guild is an organization with a large and enthusiastic membership, and is doing much for the cause of good music in Des Moines. The Des Moines Symphony Orchestra was formed over a year ago and has given some excellent concerts.

The Des Moines Musical College was founded in 1888. Dr. M. L. Bartlett is President and Musical Director, Mrs. Ida W. Bartlett Secretary, and Miss Grace Johnson Assistant Secretary. Dr. Bartlett has been a prominent figure in the musical life of Des Moines for the past ten years, and is at present conductor of the Des Moines Symphony Orchestra, Des Moines Apollo Club, and the Chautauqua Festival

Chorus. Dr. Bartlett is widely known as a writer, composer, conductor and teacher, and his lecture, "Musical Misfits," has attracted much attention recently. Associated with Dr. Bartlett as director of the piano department, is Mr. Henri Ruifrok, a graduate of the Leipsic Conservatory of Music, and a pianist and musician of unusual attainments. Mr. Ruifrok is a remarkably successful teacher, and has also published quite a number of interesting songs. He is conductor of the chorus of the Woman's Musical Guild.

M. M. Alsbury is the director of the violin department of the Des Moines Musical College. He hails from Boston, where he studied violin with Franz Kneisel. He has a large repertoire of the standard classics. Mr. Alsbury studied harmony with Julius Eichberg and Charles Capen, and composition and orchestration with G. W. Chadwick. He has composed several



PROF. GRANT HADLEY,
Teacher of Voice Culture, Highland Park College.

works, one of which, a symphonic oratorio, entitled "Crucifixion and Resurrection," for solos, quartettes, chorus and grand orchestra, is to be produced here during the coming season.

Connected with the Highland Park College, of which Mr. C. C. Rearick is President, is a strong musical conservatory. Prof. Grant Hadley, director of the vocal department, came here from Omaha less than a year ago. He has an unusually fine baritone voice, and is meeting with excellent success as a teacher. Prof. Arthur Heft, director of the violin department, is well known in Des Moines as a fine violin soloist, and as director of the Iowa State Military band, which has given weekly concerts in the parks of the city during the summer. Mr. Heft is a pupil of Charles Dancie, of the Royal Conservatory at Paris, France, and is a very popular teacher. Miss Genevieve Westerman is in charge of the piano department, with Miss Bachman as assistant. Miss Westerman has had considerable experience as a teacher in conservatory work and private classes. She is a graduate of the New England Conservatory of Music, and has studied with Seboeck and Sherwood. She has appeared with great success on the programs of the Iowa Music Teachers' Association, and recently gave a recital at the White House, at President McKinley's invitation.

The Drake University Conservatory of Music is under the direction of Prof. J. A. Strong, a graduate of the Oberlin Conservatory, and who has been a successful teacher in Des Moines for some years. He is assisted in this department by his wife, Mrs. Mary H. Reist-Strong, a capable pianist and teacher, and a prominent member of the Woman's Musical Guild. Mrs. Meta Hills-MacRae, one of Des Moines' popular

singers and teachers, is to be in charge of the vocal department the coming year. Mrs. Nellie M. Cumming will have charge of the violin department, and is an excellent musician and capable teacher. She is an active worker in the Woman's Musical Guild and is always heard with pleasure.

Among the successful piano teachers of the city is Mr. J. W. Rehmann, a



PROF. ARTHUR HEFT, VIOLINIST,
Instructor on String and Wind Instruments, Highland Park College

man of scholarly attainments in a literary as well as musical way. Mr. Rehmann came to Des Moines eight years ago from Osage, Iowa. Prior to coming to Des Moines he had studied in this country and with the Scharweukas Langhans and Wolff, in Berlin, and had been a successful teacher at Osage for some years. Mr. Rehmann has established a full academic course, embrac-

ing harmony and musical history, and grants a diploma to pupils who complete the course. Mr. Rehmann has probably the finest and largest musical library in the State.

As a pianist, teacher and musician, Mrs. C. S. Hardy, who came to Des Moines from Chicago a few years ago, occupies a high position in Des Moines musical circles. Mrs. Hardy is a pupil

different qualifications from those of the regular teacher of music. She has met with remarkable success in her chosen field, and achieved more than a local reputation.

Prof. James M. Tracy, the well known pianist and teacher, has made his home in Des Moines since 1892, at which time he came here from Boston to take charge of the Conservatory of Music at Highland Park Normal College. After four years with this institution he accepted the directorship of the piano department of the Des Moines Conservatory for one year, since which time he has given private lessons. Mr. Tracy was a pupil of Plaidy, Moscheles, Richter, Liszt and Bendel, and was leading piano instructor and teacher of theory and harmony at the Boston Conservatory for twelve years. He has written several instruction books for piano, studies, etc., and other writings along musical lines.

In October, 1894, a young girl, Miss Ethel Johnson, began the study of the violin at the Des Moines Musical College under Mr. Carl Riedelsberger. Her talent was unusual, and she made such progress that in June, 1896, less than two years after beginning her studies, she won the gold medal at the prize contest before the State Music Teachers' Association at Oskaloosa. She studied with Mr. Riedelsberger as long as he remained here, and thus far he has been her only

teacher. She has unusual natural gifts, which if developed will make for her a bright, artistic future.

For a good many years the name of Mr. J. W. Campbell has been a familiar one to the musical people of Des Moines. A fine baritone singer, Mr. Campbell has taken a prominent part in a great many local musical affairs. He has been chorister in a number of



MISS GENEVIEVE WESTERMAN,
Instructor Piano Department, Highland Park College.

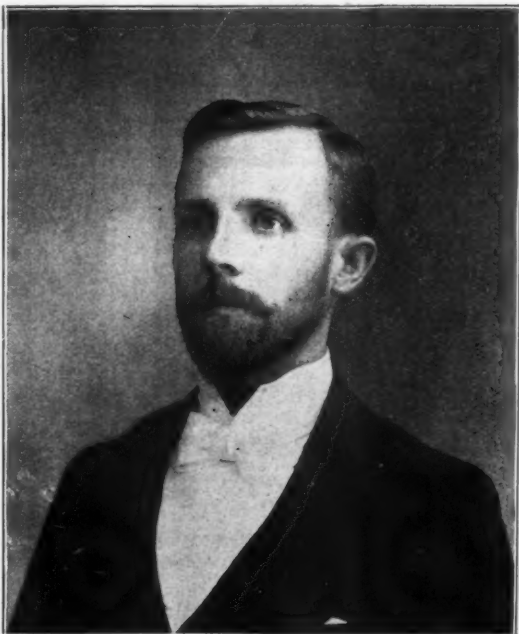
of Oscar Raif, the widely known Leipsic teacher, and many of Des Moines' well known pianists have studied with her.

Among the teachers of the city few, if any, are in a position to exert a wider or more far-reaching influence than Mrs. H. R. Reynolds, musical instructor in the West Des Moines schools. Mrs. Reynolds has made a special study of this work, which requires somewhat

the leading churches of Des Moines, and is one of the most popular singers in the city.

In Des Moines, as elsewhere, good accompanists are rare. Miss Luella Nash has made a speciality of this work for a number of years and has accompanied many of the artists who have sung or played here, as well as a large number of our local singers and players. She is an excellent organist and has officiated at several of the church organs in the city at different times.

Prominent among the pianists of the city is Miss Luella Hayward, a graduate of the Des Moines Musical College, and who possesses many unusual musical qualities. She has a brilliant technic and qualities of



PROF. J. A. STRONG, MUSICAL DIRECTOR DRAKE UNIVERSITY.

temperament and style which promise much for her artistic future. She has appeared in public here with marked success on several occasions, and is devoting herself to further study and to teaching.

For nearly twenty years the names of Charles L. and Cornell M. Keeler have been associated with most of the prominent musical events of the city. Mr. Charles L. Keeler has probably played more accompaniments before Des Moines audiences than any other person in the city. He has been organist at the First M. E. Church for a number of years and is recognized as one of the best organists in the city. Mr. C. M. Keeler has long been one of the most prominent and popular singers of Des Moines, and has been actively connected with every important vocal society we have had, and deeply interested in the musical advancement of the city. He is an active worker in the Apollo Club,



Photo by Webster.

MRS. CHAS. A. CUMMING, VIOLINIST.

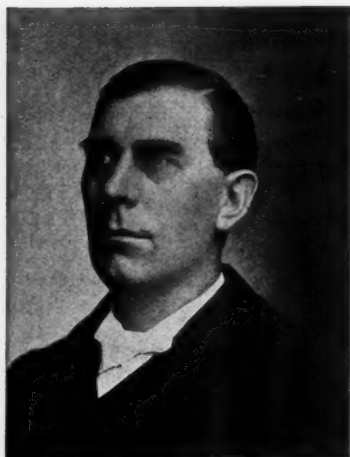


Photo by Webster.

PROF. J. W. REHMANN,
Pianist and Teacher.

and is chorister at the First M. E. Church.

A recent addition to Des Moines musical circles is Miss Carrie Bell Scott, a young lady violinist, a pupil of S. E. Jacobsohn of Chicago. Miss Scott was teacher of violin at the Iowa Agri-

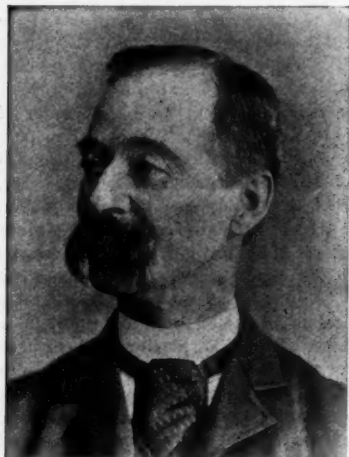


Photo by Edinger.

MRS. H. R. REYNOLDS,
Instructor in Music, West Des Moines Schools.

cultural College at Ames for several years, and her playing is highly appreciated.

Miss Mamie Rickard has presided at St. Ambrose organ since 1888. She is a Des Moines girl and comes of a musical family. She studied at the Sister's



PROF. JAMES M. TRACY,
Instructor Piano, Voice and Harmony.



Photo by Pearson.

MISS MAUD ETHEL JOHNSON, VIOLINIST.

school and after graduating from there at the age of sixteen, went to Chicago and studied pipe organ, attaining a proficiency remarkable in one so young. She possesses an excellent soprano voice, and is not only organist but directress of the choir. Miss Rickard takes advantage of every opportunity to hear the large choirs and study the methods of organists in the larger cities, and thus keeps up to the times on

matters pertaining to her profession. She is a lady who makes and keeps friends by her winning personality, and is very popular with the congregation of St. Ambrose.

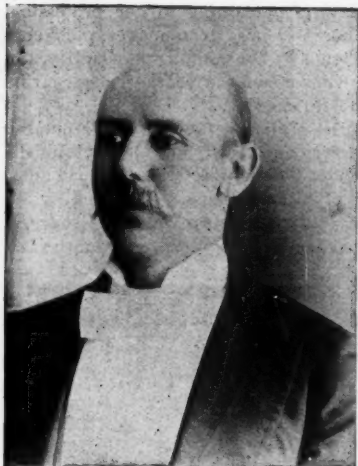
Des Moines is favored with a number of very excellent young lady violinists, among whom Miss Olive Kinkead holds a prominent place. She studied for several years with Mr. Riedelsberger, and graduated under him from the Des



MISS CARRIE BELLE SCOTT.
MISS VIVIAN ROBINSON.

(Photos by Webster.)

MISS FRANK WILSON.
MISS OLIVE KINKEAD.



MR. C. M. KEELER, BARITONE SOLOIST.



Photo by Webster.

MISS LUELLE HAYWARD, PIANIST.

Moines Musical College. The past year she has studied with Professor Heft, at Highland Park College.

It would be difficult to name a woman who has exerted a stronger or better influence on the musical life of the city than Mrs. Celeste B. Givens. She is a

thorough musician, full of enthusiasm and love for her art. She was the founder of the Woman's Musical Guild, and has been its President from its inception.

Among the younger pianists of the city one of the most promising is Miss



Photo by Webster.

MISS MAMIE RICKARD,
Organist St. Ambrose Catholic Church.

Photo by Webster.

MISS ADDA M. BLAKESLEE,
Instructor in Music Capital Park Schools.



Photo by Webster.

MRS. MARGARET L. WEBER, VOCALIST.

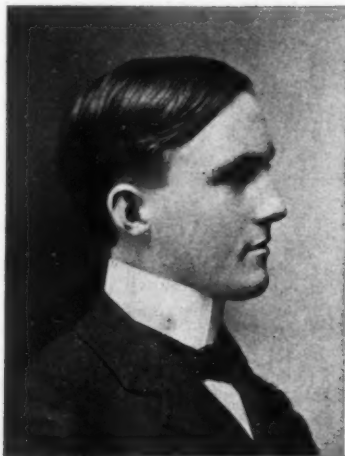


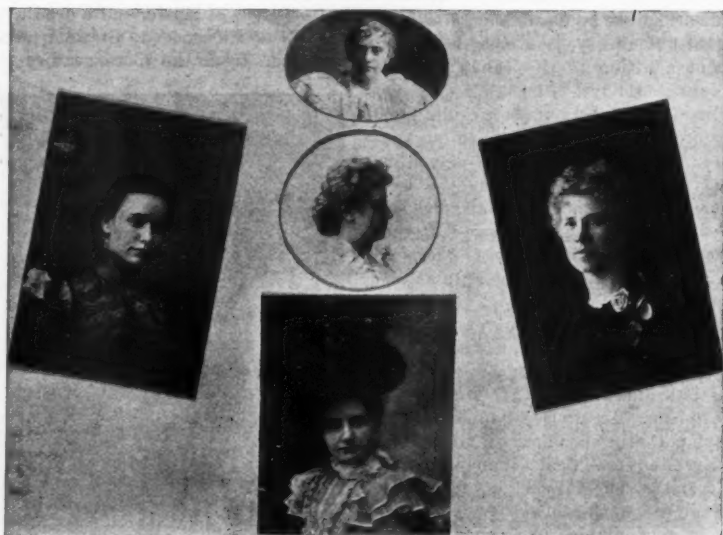
Photo by Webster.

MR. FRED CONDIT, TENOR VOCALIST.

Pearl Wilson, a remarkably talented pupil of Professor Ruifrok. She displays strong individuality in her playing, and her friends expect much from her in an artistic way.

Mrs. Margaret L. Weber is one of Des Moines' well known singers and teachers. She is supervisor of music in the North Des Moines schools, and teacher of voice in Des Moines (Bap-

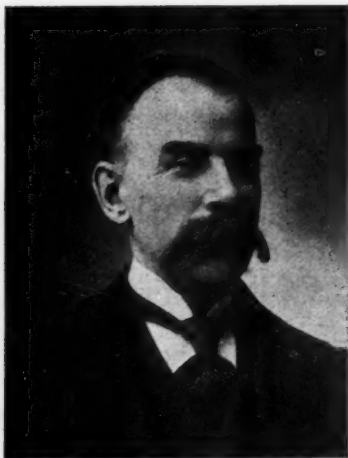
MISS LILLIAN STETSON.



MISS ORA E. NEWELL.

MRS. E. W. McDADE.
MISS LUELLE NASH.

MISS THERESE JOHNSON.



PROF. JOHN SINCLAIR,
Director Des Moines Conservatory of Music.

tist) College. Her teachers have been Prof. V. C. Taylor, W. H. Lieb, J. W. Campbell, and W. N. Burritt of Chicago. She has sung in various churches in the city for the past ten years, and is a successful teacher.

Miss Therese Johnson, a pianist and organist of ability, is a comparatively recent addition to the ranks of Des Moines musicians. She studied under eminent instructors in Stockholm and Vesterås, Sweden, graduating at the latter place, where she also played in the cathedral. She comes to Des Moines well recommended, and has recently been playing the organ at the First M. E. Church during the absence of Mr. C. L. Keeler, the regular organist.

Des Moines has a goodly number of excellent organists, among whom Miss Ora E. Newell, organist at the First Baptist Church, is entitled to a prominent place. An unusually fine reader, a sympathetic accompanist, and with an excellent technical command of her instrument, she is well equipped for her chosen work. Miss Newell is also a very good pianist, excelling particularly as an accompanist.

A popular singer with the Des Moines public is Miss Addie M. Blakeslee, who first came into prominence a few years ago by winning the first prize at a contest before the Welsh singing societies of the State at Oskaloosa. Miss Blakeslee graduated from the Des Moines Conservatory in June.

Among the successful teachers of the city is Miss Vivian Robinson, a young pianist of considerable ability. Miss Robinson graduated from the Des Moines College two years ago, and has devoted herself to teaching since that time.

Mr. John Sinclair, director of the Des Moines Conservatory of Music, came to Des Moines from Cedar Rapids, Iowa, several years ago to assume charge of the choir of St. Paul's Church. He founded the Des Moines Conservatory in 1895, and has been a prominent figure in the musical life of the city. He retired from St. Paul's Church choir about a year ago and has since devoted himself entirely to teaching and the affairs of the Conservatory.

An acquisition of the Des Moines Conservatory of Music, and a credit to it, is Miss Florence J. Stewart, who graduated from the Conservatory in



MISS FLORENCE J. STEWART, PIANIST



Photo by Webster.

PROF. EMIL ENNA, PIANIST,

Director Musical Department Danish Lutheran University

June, 1896,—the first class. In the fall of the same year she was tendered a position as directress of the piano department, where she has remained ever since, greatly to the satisfaction of her pupils, as well as to the Conservatory.

A well known and very popular pianist in Des Moines is Miss Lillian Stetson, who for the past two years has been piano instructor at Des Moines College. Miss Stetson is a graduate of the Des Moines Musical College, and won the gold medal at the contest before the Iowa Music Teachers' Association, at Iowa City, in 1897. While a pupil of Mrs. Bonbright several years ago, she won the Tilden medal at the Des Moines College contest.

In Mr. Fred Condit, Des Moines has a very promising young tenor singer who bids fair to make an enviable name for himself. He is a pupil of Dr. Bartlett, and outside of church choir work has been heard in public but little.

About a year ago a young Danish pianist, Mr. Emil Enna, located in Des Moines, and has established himself on the East Side. He was born in Copenhagen and received the greater part of his education there. He has recently

been engaged to teach in the new Danish College.

Miss Nellie E. Aikman needs no introduction to the people of Des Moines or Central Iowa. At one time or another she has sung in most of the principal churches of the city, and is now solo soprano at the First M. E. Church.

Miss Maude Witmer has been organist at the Lutheran Church for a number of years and has demonstrated her capabilities as a musician and organist. Quiet and unassuming, her work has been uniformly satisfactory.

Mr. G. W. Maxon and his cello have been welcome guests at many a musical gathering in Des Moines. Mr. Maxon was a member of the Gerberich Orchestra for a number of years and is President of the Des Moines Symphony Orchestra.

Mrs. F. O. Davis, organist at the First Presbyterian Church and at the Synagogue, is one of the best organists in the city and an active member of the Woman's Musical Guild.

A man whose work has had an important influence upon the musical life of the city is Mr. L. S. Gerberich, who in 1885 established his symphony or-



Photo by Webster.

MISS MAUD WITMER,
Organist St. John's Lutheran Church.

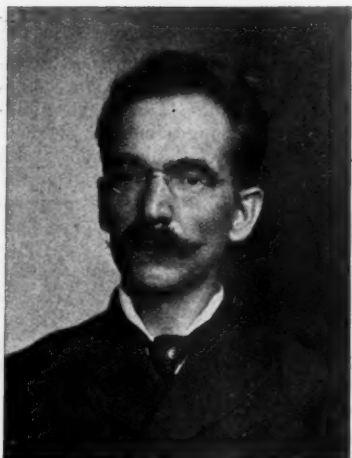


Photo by Webster.

MR. G. W. MAXON, 'CELLIST.

chestra, which gave an annual series of concerts until 1893. Lovers of good music will be glad to know that Mr. Gerberich has decided to reorganize his orchestra for the coming season.

An article on music in Des Moines would be incomplete did it not contain some mention of Mr. W. H. Heighton, the well-known cellist. Mr. Heighton has been connected with many of the leading musical organizations of the city during recent years, and takes great interest in everything pertaining to the advancement of music as an art.

Miss Fanny A. Crowley has for many years been one of the most successful of Des Moines' teachers and has recently resumed her work here after a period of European study.

Mrs. Carrie Belknap has been one of the best known singers of the city for a number of years. She has studied under Shakespeare, in London, and Sbriglia, in Paris, and her recital last winter after her return from Paris was one of the noted musical events of the season.

One of the most talented of Des Moines' violinists is Miss Rose Reichard. Miss Reichard studied with Mr. Riedelsberger all the time he was here and has played with success before many Des Moines audiences.

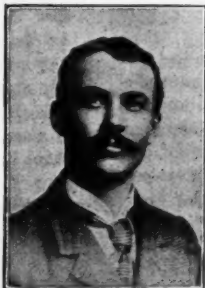
An organization which has made itself popular with Des Moines music lovers, is the Harmony Male Quartette, consisting of W. S. Lacy, first tenor; L. D. Carpenter, second tenor; E. C. Stanley, baritone; G. B. Graves, bass.

The singing of this quartette was a feature of a number of the recent Chautauqua programs.

In a somewhat different line of musical work the name of A. J. Krommer is familiar to the people of Des Moines. For a number of years Mr. Krommer's Orchestra has furnished music for a

large number of the parties and receptions which enliven the social life of the city.

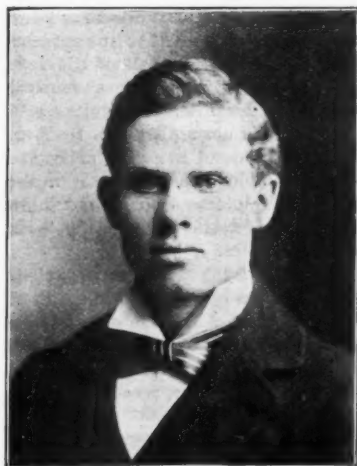
Miss Edith E. Brant, instructor in music in Polk County Normal Institute, is a Des Moines product, though she has been located in Minneapolis for a number of years, where she is engaged as instructor of music in the public schools of that city. She is a graduate of William L. Tomlins,



W. H. HEIGHTON, 'CELLIST.



MR. A. J. KROMMER, VIOLINIST.



MR. W. S. LACY,
First Tenor Harmony Male Quartet.



MR. L. D. CARPENTER,
Second Tenor Harmony Male Quartet.

of Chicago, having also studied in natural methods under two noted Eastern specialists, George Ripley, of Boston, and Thomas Tapper, of New York, the latter an examiner in the National College of Musicians. In 1894 Miss Brant was engaged as assistant principal of the Webster School, of Des Moines.

A lady of marked musical talent and accomplishment, is the wife of Mr. E. W. McDade, Pastor of Prospect Park Methodist Church, Mrs. Grace Martin-McDade. Mrs. McDade studied in the Oberlin Conservatory of Music. After



First Bass Harmony Male Quartet.



Second Bass Harmony Male Quartet.



MISS HARRIET GARTON,
Instructor in Music, East Des Moines Schools.

completing her studies there she continued her studies in Smith College, Massachusetts. She is an instructor in piano, harmony and voice. She is a very fine soloist, having a rich, full, clear soprano voice.

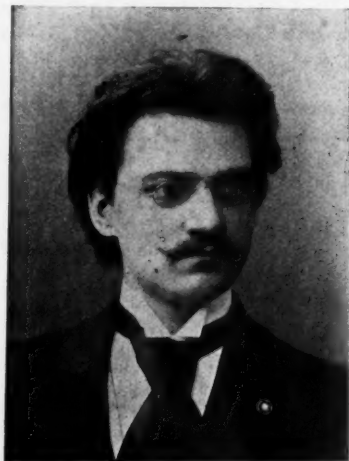
Miss Harriet Garton is one of the rising musicians of Des Moines. She

took up the study of music at an early age and has devoted herself to the art continuously, availing herself of the rare advantages for obtaining a musical education, offered in Des Moines. In recognition of her ability as a teacher, and in evidence of her popularity, she has been employed as instructor in the East Des Moines schools and high school, where she is meeting with deserved success.

The Heft String quartette, organized and conducted by Professor Heft, of the Highland Park Conservatory, has appeared a number of times before critical audiences and has received the most hearty evidences of appreciation.



MRS. EDITH E. BRANT, VOCAL INSTRUCTOR.



MR. MAX KROMMER, HARPIST AND VIOLINIST.

Mr. Max Krommer, son of A. J. Krommer, is just returned from six years study of the harp and violin at the Vienna, Austria, Conservatory. As he was a talented performer before going abroad, his work now is expected to attract a peculiar interest and attention.

Miss Julia Plumb is prominent in the Guild and in piano work. She was a pupil of Sherwood, and her piano instruction is thorough and widely appreciated.

Mrs. W. A. Hotchkiss is among the long-faithful musicians of the city. She has for many years served as organist of the Plymouth Congregational Church.

No article within these limits could be complete. The pages used would scarcely be sufficient to list, alone, the many talented performers of the city. Conceded as Des Moines already is, to be a strong and growing musical cen-

ter, it is safe to predict for the city a still greater development in the immediate future. Her musical institutions and specialists throw open wide the doors to all learners and to professional workers who may come among us.

FROM NORTHWEST ALASKA.

BY WILLIAM M. MCFARLAND.*

WE ARE here at last in Kotzebue Sound, and to-night we sleep in our tents, about eight miles west and north of Cape Blossom, on the beach. About seven miles north and a little east is a point called Fort Morton. There is absolutely nothing there, however, at present. It used to be a trading point, and a log structure called a fort was erected, and the point was named Morton in honor of Vice-President Morton. The most quiet and enjoyable part of our whole journey was from St. Michaels - the gateway to Klondike—up here. We had perfect June weather, with a sea as smooth as a mirror all the way, lasting forty-eight hours. We got to anchor off Blossom at 4:30 P. M., Monday, July 18th, so that we have had three days for looking around. Tuesday, Welday and I took one of our own boats and put off for shore six miles away, and landed in about two miles of where we now go into camp. We found a lovely, dry beach, clear, almost fresh water and at this time warm enough to bathe in. I have had a plunge in the Arctic Ocean and enjoyed it very much. I was very much surprised to find the shore and hills near by covered with grass and flowers; buttercups, dandelions, blue bells, dog fennel and a sort of daisy were the most conspicuous flowers. There was blue joint, blue grass and several other varieties of grasses that

seemed to be doing well; plenty of pasture here for about three and one-half months. We beached our boat and walked along the beach about six miles over solid ground, and a good foot-path all the way. We went through several Indian camps full of bad smells, dogs and filth; they are a dirty, lousy set, but very friendly and kind to white people. We went to the Quaker mission and found a man by the name of Sams in charge. His wife and a Miss Honeycut were his only associates. By the way, Miss Honeycut is from the Friends' Society at Oskaloosa, and is a cousin to Miss Honeycut who, some years ago, taught in the Brooklyn schools. They were greatly pleased to meet us, and would have entertained us on their scant fare if we had permitted. They procured a large "omaack," a skin boat of the natives, and took us back to our own boat six miles away. These boats are frames covered with dressed walrus hide, and will easily carry twenty people, but are so light two men can lift them with ease. We were greatly surprised when we went down to the beach to find four Indians and a dog team awaiting us. The whole mission accompanied us, beside the four Indians, making nine people all told. A long, rawhide rope was fastened to a ring in the bottom of the boat about eight feet from the bow—the boat was twenty-eight feet long—and the dog team was hitched on. We were all seated and Mr. Indian cracked his whip called out "hi-ho, hi-ho," and the dogs started up the beach at a lively

*Ex-Secretary of State McFarland and a party of Iowans are representing a syndicate of capitalists, prospecting for gold near the Arctic coast, 1,000 miles northwest of the Klondike country. The accompanying letter was written July 21.

pace, pulling our boat with perfect ease, apparently. One Indian used a pole occasionally to keep us from beaching. It was a jolly ride, and a novel experience. These people were so glad to see us that we could hardly get away from them. They came over to our ship the next morning and we had a pleasant visit with them. They all talk "Indian," and help us in getting information from the Indians. They are loud in the praise of the honesty of these poor people, so that we do not fear to trust them.

We will start up the Notack river about July 24th, for the vicinity of Port Hope. All reports are good, as to gold, but the river is a terror to ascend,—swift and full of rapids,—it will be a hard job we start on. The other two boys are getting a tent up; I am to get supper,—no hurry,—as we had dinner on the boat at 2:30 P. M. It is now 4:30, and I will send this back with the "Grace Dollar," which will leave in about twenty minutes. The sun sets about 11 P. M., now, so that we do not have any darkness, the sun getting up again about 2 A. M., and twilight never fades into night. We could easily read without a lamp all night. We feel a little lonesome at being dumped here and left to our fate, but it is what we have longed for the past thirty days. We have been on the "Grace Dollar," for forty-two days,—what a shame,—but we were powerless, besides no one else seems to have fared any better. Will build a little house for our goods, and one of our number will remain here while we are on our expedition to the northwest coast of Alaska. We have three good men who go up with us, and the one we think of leaving is rather weak, having been sick for two weeks or more. We have arranged with two Indians to take our supplies either up the river, or to Point Hope, as we may desire about August 28th, when one of us will return here in one of our boats. The trip down is very short, about thirty hours, allow-

ing eight for sleep, as the current allows a fairly good oarsman to make ten miles per hour, so that he will not need much grub for the down trip. Fish are very plenty and cheap, a ten-pound salmon being "swapped" for a half pound of crackers or sugar. Game is also abundant up river; geese and ducks by the millions, and deer in abundance, besides a sort of squirrel, larger than the Iowa squirrel, and very fine eating; the Arctic hare and Arctic pigeon are also very plenty and easy to get all winter, so that if we remain here a year, we do not figure on going very hungry, except for certain little home dishes and delicacies which always add so much to a meal. Snow pudding, they tell us, is not a rare dish.

This would be a most excellent point for Secretary Wilson to locate a weather station. If you can induce him to stretch a wire from Washington here, we will willingly report daily observations, providing he gives us the latest war news and a message from home each day in return for the favor. We will also report the movements of Camara's Spanish vessels when they strike for the Arctic Ocean to evade the guns of Admiral Dewey. The last war news we had was the charge of the Rough Riders up Santiago hill. What has happened since then we don't know, but would like to hear. I have no fear of the results. I have faith in the valor, courage and ingenuity of the American army and navy to successfully cope with any nation on the globe. The farther I get from home the greater seems the glory of our nation. The best we can wish for the newly liberated people is that they be sheltered and protected under the dear old stars and stripes.

I have great faith in our expedition. I believe we will realize what we came here for. If we are not disappointed, new revenues for the American people will be opened, on American soil and under the protection of Uncle Sam. What is in store for us, however, time alone will tell.

A PROVIDENTIAL CIRCUMSTANCE.

BY GEORGE BANCROFT SMITH.

"GOOD-BYE, Abram; don't furgit the mail."

"All right, Hanner; good-bye."

It was an interesting picture.

Mrs. Hoover stood on the broad side porch of the old frame farm-house as she bade her husband farewell. They were well-to-do people of the Dunkard persuasion, as was easily guessed by their severely plain apparel. Hannah was dressed in a drab dress, with cape and apron of the same color and material, made up in the most unostentatious style possible, while a neat, clean, white cap covered her head. Abram wore a suit of brown jeans, very plain, with the ritualistic broad-brimmed felt hat so strictly required by his denomination. He wore his beard full, long, well-trimmed, with no mustache—a typical Dunkard farmer, honest, respectable and prosperous.

This was truly one of those plain, substantial country homes, hospitable to the fullest extent, where one sits down to the long, well-filled table and revels in the sublimity of splendid good things prepared by the efficient housewife, who never dreamed of cooking-schools, but who can make those custard pies, an inch deep, that melt in your mouth before you have a chance to try their elasticity or tensile strength, both of which qualities are replaced by a mellowness that would mobilize the ancient gods, who, we are told, partook so frequently of the pleasing nectar.

The Hoover farm, a well-managed one, indeed, lay on the west side of Stillwater river a small stream which empties into the Miami ten miles below.

The peculiarity of this little river is its pretty scenery, for, though a mere creek in volume, yet, for twelve miles along its lower course it flows between very high bluffs, in some places a mile

apart. Along the top of the west bluff, not many rods from its edge, is the Covington pike, and, riding along this much-traveled highway, one may look down a very precipitous slope of perhaps a hundred feet to a level stretch of most fertile land to the water's edge, while, across the stream to the east, is a similar stretch to the bluff.

From the roadway, the numerous fields of grain, stubble, pasture, plowed and fallow ground in the low lands, look like so many quilt patches of various tints and shapes, fashioned and joined by Dame Nature, herself, while the "stake-and-rider" fences that separate the fields suggest the fancy stitches that, in an ornamental way, hold them together and form this terrestrial coverlid spread on either side of the water.

Bushes, willows, and an occasional sycamore tree line the water's edge.

One might easily imagine that this is a huge furrow, scooped out by some mighty ancient glacier on its mysterious mission southward, in those wonderful prehistoric days of the long, long ago, for the surrounding country east and west is quite flat.

Short lanes lead in from the pike toward the river, to the numerous farm houses along the narrow ribbon of upland between.

From one of these, Abram Hoover, with a basket on his arm, rode away on old Colonel, after the good-bye to "Hanner," for the village of Vandalia, four miles to the eastward, across the valley. Up the pike a little ways, then to the right, down a steep descent to the river, but the slope has been somewhat modified by grading, and is not as precipitous as the bluff.

Fat old Colonel jogged along in a slow, shambling gait, down through the covered wooden bridge, and soon found

himself engaged in the rather laborious task of toting his corpulent master up the tiresome eastern slope.

Abram looked ahead and noticed someone approaching on horseback. As they drew nearer he said to himself: "Wall! Dan'l Eversole, I do declare. I'd ruther not meet him jist now."

Sure enough, it was Dan'l, and at this very moment he was thinking: "Abram Hoover, I do believe. Mighty awkward to meet him here."

Abram and Dan'l, the devout members of Sugar Grove church, a mile above, had, for some two years, been very bitter toward each other, the trouble growing out of some doctrinal strife when the matter was before the "meetin'" as to whether "we shall be of the 'Conservatives' or 'Old order.'" Dan'l "leaned" toward the "Old order," and was very sharp in the linguistic contest with Abram.

Other counsel prevailed, however, and Dan'l finally consented to be classed with the "Conservatives" with the others, but all the remonstrances and sooth-saying of the bearded brethren had not, as yet, repaired the breach between him and Abram.

They had not spoken since, although Hannah Hoover and Sarah Eversole had never lessened their love for each other; neither shared in the unneighborly animosity of her husband.

These facts will explain the circumstance of their thoughts running in similar channels regarding each other on that pleasant autumn morning in that peaceful, fertile valley.

They met, they passed, but Abram was apparently necessarily engaged in adjusting his refractory saddle, while Dan'l was closely scrutinizing his field of corn just below. On, up the slope rode Abram on Colonel, and on, down the slope rode Dan'l on Cromwell.

The Eversole homestead occupied a position on the east side of the river, not far from the main road.

As Abram rode by the lane, Sarah was opening the gate to take the cows

across the road to pasture. Seeing him, she stopped and, in her pleasant manner, greeted him with: "Why, how de do Abram, how's the fam'ly?"

"Good mornin', we're well's common," replied Abram, not quite so friendly, as he checked up old Colonel.

"Dan'l just left for Phillipsburg," added Sarah, "I reckon you methim."

"Yes," replied Abram abruptly.

"And did he speak?" asked Sarah, coming closer, and betraying an anxious countenance, for, really, these two "sistern" were sorely concerned about the coldness existing between their husbands.

"No, nur I didn't ask him to," answered Abram rather pettishly.

"Oh dear! exclaimed Sarah, "I wish to the land you men 'd make up onct. It's a big wonder the brethren don't bring the matter up before the meetin'."

"Well, I don't know's I've anything to ask furgiveness fur," said Abram, "but I own it is a rather unneighborly way o' doin', an' I reckon you women *do* feel kinder put out on 'count o' it," and he somewhat mellowed in his tone.

"Yes, 'n you know what Paul says," added Sarah, as she started for the house.

Abram sat a moment in silence, trying to "remember what Paul said," but for the life of him, he could not think of a single passage from his writings just appropriate for the occasion.

"Wall, good day, Sarah, I'll think about it," he called to her as she closed the gate and passed on.

"Good day," she cried, "remember what Paul said."

Abram rode on with a rather heavy heart, reviewing his original grievances in the case and trying his best to recall Paul's admonition.

He reached Vandalia, attended to his trading and asked for the mail he was cautioned not to forget. There was a letter from John, who had moved to Kansas, and the weekly *Journal* he had taken for thirty years.

After feeding old Colonel on the best that the tavern could afford, but taking his own lunch of cheese and ginger-cakes on a cracker barrel at Rankin's store, he started for home at 2 o'clock.

Getting well out of town, he drew his *Journal* from his coat pocket and began to devour its contents; the markets, the political situation, and, lastly, the news, as was his usual style of perusal.

So slowly did old Colonel travel, and so deeply engrossed was he in the account of the last "annual meeting," that he did not notice the gathering clouds in the west. In fact, they were rolling toward him at an alarming pace, and terribly black, rolling masses they were, which plainly foretold a violent storm was approaching. When opposite the lane, he checked up just in time to escape a collision with the cows Sarah was driving back to the stable. He, for the first time, realized the proximity of the storm, and stuffing his paper into his pocket, he gave old Colonel such a slap as the old horse had never before felt in his eighteen years of service in the Hoover family.

He lunged forward and started down the slope—at a most ruinous gait to his old frame.

"I'll never make it hum 'fore the rain," soliloquized Abram, "but if I kin jist reach the bridge, I'll be in the dry."

Dan'l had left Phillipsburg later than Abram had started home, but had observed with anxiety the clouds that were giving him a lively chase homeward.

As he passed Abram's house he noticed Hannah out at the front gate looking anxiously up the road for her worthy husband.

On he rode, until, reaching the cross-road he turned Cromwell down the hill toward the bridge, hoping to reach it before the rain should be upon him.

On sped Cromwell, as Dan'l urged, and on bounded old Colonel, as Abram slapped; all bound, at the same moment, for the same place of shelter.

The wind blew a terrific gale, and now and then it thundered most alarmingly.

Through the flying dust that now filled the air, neither rider saw the other, as down the approaches to the bridge both horses fairly flew.

One last yell to Cromwell and a smarting slap to Old Colonel sent both plunging into the bridge with such momentum that neither could be checked up until the astonished riders found themselves side by side in the middle of the bridge.

A gust of the now furious wind snatched Dan'l's broad brim from his head and carried it sailing out through the end of the bridge and into the indefinite beyond, and Abram with difficulty retained his, which he now tightly gripped with his left hand, his heavy basket bearing down inconveniently, for his right hand was engaged in handling the reins.

A cloud of dust came pouring into the bridge and enveloped the two horses and riders, filling their eyes so that it was impossible for either to recognize the other instantly.

When the first gust of wind reached the bridge, another creature might have been seen sneaking into it from the west end. It was Pete Lowman, the silly boy of the community.

Nearly every vicinity has one of these poor unfortunates, who is cast upon the world with only enough sense to be troublesome, and is always called a 'boy,' though he may have long since passed thirty, as Pete had at least seven years before.

It was one of his idiotic delights to secrete himself behind one of the heavy timbers of the bridge upon the approach of anyone toward him, and when opposite him, to spring out at him and very often frighten both the occupant of the vehicle and the horses, too.

He had once perpetrated this, to him, splendid joke upon the Rev. Samuel Garver, as he was on his way to Grand River meeting house, and came near causing a serious runaway.

Pete sneaked into the bridge very much as though he was planning another one of his surprises. In fact his face was lit up with one of those fiendish grins for which he was famous. He carried a long rope, with a noose at one end.

What could the poor fool be contemplating this time? Surely the dolt does not mean suicide? No, another one of his "jokes," most likely.

He climbed up onto the cross-beams, about the middle of the bridge, and lying down flat on one of them, he awaited the arrival of some unsuspecting traveler.

All unmindful of the approaching storm, he lay there when old Colonel and Cromwell came galloping in from opposite ends of the bridge with their riders.

Pete's eyes danced as he thought of his scheme, and he could scarcely restrain himself from bursting into loud laughter as he adjusted the large noose and held it down, ready to drop when the proper moment came.

Just as the horses came to a standstill, side by side, Pete gave the rope a pitch, and the large noose came squarely down around both Abram and Dan'l's waists, and so suddenly was it done that, with a sharp, strong jerk from Pete, whose strength was wonderful, he tightened the rope, unseated both the riders, and frightened the horses so that they ran madly out into the storm, and away toward their respective stables.

Before either Abram or Dan'l could recover, the storm was on in all its terrible fury. The heavy timbers cracked and groaned, then the roof was carried away by the awful force of the wind, and the rain in torrents was upon them.

Another moment, and the bridge seemed to move, yes, it surely did sway to and fro, oh, horrors! it was actually leaving its abutments, and then, in one awful crash, it pitched over into the water below.

All seemed lost to the unfortunate occupants of the ill-fated structure, but happily they were not to fare so badly as may well be supposed.

In the crash, they were pitched out and away from the mass of timbers and into a large sycamore tree that had been lodged against the center pier.

Abram was stunned by the fall, but Dan'l, fortunately, retained his consciousness, and self-possession, and finding himself bound to his companion, he drew the rope still tighter, and for the first time recognized in the face before him, that of his old neighbor, Abram Hoover.

Astonished, perplexed, amazed and greatly puzzled as to how to account for the rope about their bodies, then realizing their perilous situation, he proceeded to place himself and his still unconscious burden into as secure a position as the old sycamore could afford.

He could not help thinking of the awful consequences if the huge tree should be washed from its moorings, and go rolling down stream.

Soon Abram revived, and his astonishment was equal to Dan'l's upon his discovery of the identity of his companion in his most perilous position.

Each gazed into the eyes of his neighbor a moment, a tear started down Abram's ruddy cheek, and Dan'l reciprocated with a quivering lip. It was but a moment, and then they embraced each other and exchanged the brotherly kiss of the order, and tears flowed freely as each sobbed freely on the other's shoulder.

The storm, though furious, was of brief duration, and the wind soon subsided, and the rain ceased, and as Dan'l looked up, he beheld, seated on a huge rock on the west bank, the simpleton, Pete, grinning most hideously in his fiendish glee, at what was to him a funny situation.

In the awful climax in the bridge, he somehow escaped unhurt, and reached the shore none the worse for his hasty baptism.

A plan of speedy rescue soon presented itself to Dan'l's mind, and he loosened the rope, retained one end and fastened it to the sycamore, then tying a short piece of a limb to the other end, he tossed it to Pete, calling as he did so, to hold it firmly, thus furnishing an improvised hauser, along which they might easily reach the bank in safety, neither being able to swim even that short distance.

Pete had enough wits about him to understand, and did as requested, and both Abram and Dan'l were safely landed, with no other injuries than a severe shaking up, and a complete drenching.

As Dan'l's foot reached the ground, the sycamore, loosened by the now rapidly rising water, left its mooring and tumbled over so suddenly that Pete came near being jerked into the water again.

As the bridge was gone, and they were on the Hoover side of the stream, Abram prevailed on Dan'l to accompany him home, that he might procure dry clothing and a warm supper to cheer him somewhat.

Before going far, Abram turned to Dan'l and said in his slow, easy manner: "Dan'l, it's a providential circumstance, and the Almighty has seen fit to throw us together so, to make us ashamed of our doin's, an' give us a hint that its about time we's a makin' up; what do you think about it?"

"Wall, Abram," replied Dan'l, "it's not the first time I've been ashamed o' the facts in our case, but it's the first

time I've felt like bendin' this stubborn will o' mine; but it's clean doubled up now, sure's you're born, and here's my hand, Abram, let's be friends forever."

"Wall, I should say we will," chuckled Abram, as he grasped the extended hand, and long they held each other's hand, and long they gazed into each other's eyes, tearful eyes again, and forgave and forgot all the old grievances that had so marred their neighborly relations.

Their terrible experience was detailed to Hannah, while she busied herself in preparing a little "extry" for the unexpected guest, who was so unceremoniously ushered into her house.

After a change of raiment and a splendid supper, Abram hitched old Colonel (who had arrived home safely) in the spring-wagon and took Dan'l home by way of the ford a half mile below.

It is needless to say the two families were restored to all the former friendly relations and Sugar Grove congregation rejoiced with them over the reconciliation.

Stillwater has been spanned by a new bridge, and with it has been bridged over the breach between the two families, who bless the day the old structure went down, and often repeat: "It's an ill wind," etc.

On every Christmas since that memorable day, poor Pete has received some token of remembrance from both the families who were the grateful recipients of his assistance in the "providential circumstance."



Woman's Club Department.

BY HARRIET C. TOWNER.

IOWA has thirty-six clubs holding individual membership in the General Federation, and twenty-seven of these were represented at Denver, many of them by the President or her representative, and one delegate. The Iowa delegation was in charge of Mrs. Maria Weed, of West Union, who has served the State faithfully as Chairman of Correspondence for two years, and Mrs. G. F. Van Vechten, of Cedar Rapids, the efficient President of the State Federation. The five delegates chosen to represent the State Federation were all present. They were: Mrs. G. F. Van Vechten, Mrs. H. E. Tredway, Mrs. Maria L. Bibbs, Mrs. J. S. Clark and Mrs. George Jones. The clubs represented were as follows:

Carroll:—Clio Club, Mrs. Sarah Young.

Cedar Falls:—Tuesday Club, Mrs. H. Grundy, Mrs. Mary C. Clay.

□ Cedar Rapids:—Clio Club, Mrs. Jas. Bever, Mary E. Sullivan; Ladies' Literary Club, Mrs. J. T. Hamilton, Mrs. E. F. Dawley; Magazine Club, Mrs. Adelaide Lawton, Mrs. C. H. Cogswell.

Cherokee:—Columbian Club, Mrs. M. Wakefield.

Council Bluffs:—Every Thursday Club, Mrs. Horace Everett; Women's Club, Caroline Dodge.

Des Moines:—Conversation Club, Mrs. J. H. Winsor, Mrs. Roswell P. Dart; Daughters of Ceres, Mrs. H. Wallace, Mrs. Martin Flynn; Madeline de Scudery, Mrs. Henry Wallace; Press Club, Mrs. Ella H. Durlay, Mrs. H. Wallace; Review Club, Mrs. James Hunter; Tourist Club, Mrs. Emma P. Craig; Women's Club, Mrs. D. H. Reichard, Mrs. H. L. Stetson.

Dubuque:—Monday Afternoon Club, Mrs. D. M. Cooley; Ladies' Literary Association, Mrs. B. B. Richards.

Glenwood:—Women's Club, Mrs. Leach, Mrs. Woodrow.

Le Mars:—Women's Club, Mrs. Mabel T. Jones.

Marshalltown:—Women's Club, Mrs. C. P. Rogers, Mrs. M. L. Meickley.

Maquoketa:—Outlook Club, Mrs. Anna Crawford.

Ottumwa:—Fortnightly Club, Mrs. Catherine C. Taylor, Mrs. A. G. Heron; Shakespeare Club, Mrs. S. A. Forbush, Mrs. W. D. Tisdale.

Oskaloosa:—Woman's Club, Miss Leoni McMillan, Miss Florabel Patterson.

Red Oak:—Monday Club, Mrs. B. B. Clark, Mrs. H. E. Deemer.

West Union:—Tourist Club, Mrs. Laura W. Colgrove, Mrs. S. E. Robinson.

In addition to the voting delegates many visiting club women were present from every part of the State, and the space indicated by the blue satin banner marked "Iowa," was always full. Among the visitors were Mrs. R. R. Peters, Vice-President of the State Federation; Miss Jessie B. Waite, Corresponding Secretary of the State Federation; Mrs. F. H. Bicknell, Mrs. W. E. Ballard, Mrs. C. E. Rawson, Mrs. E. R. Clapp and Mrs. Hamilton, all of Des Moines; Mrs. Heinsheimer, of Glenwood; Mrs. Allison, of Creston; Mrs. F. L. LaRue, Mrs. Austin Turner, Miss Dampman and Miss Chaffee, of Corning; Miss Clark and Mrs. Evans, of Red Oak; Mrs. Connell, Miss Cannell, Mrs. A. B. Bowen, Miss Bowen and Mrs. Joiner, all of Maquoketa; Mrs. N. M. Hubbard, Mrs. Kathryn Gillette, Mrs. King and Mrs. Glenahan, of Cedar Rapids, and others.

Iowa will be represented on the new Board of Directors by Mrs. J. H. Windsor, of Des Moines, whose fine ability and wide experience in club work are well known to Iowa club women.

The interest taken by Iowa clubs in library work was recognized by placing the conference for the consideration of the library movement in the United States in the hands of an Iowa woman, Mrs. H. E. Tredway, of Dubuque, who conducted the conference in an especially able manner, bringing out, in the short time which could be devoted to the subject, the most important and suggestive phases of the work. Iowa was represented in the conference of art clubs by Mrs. C. H. Cogswell, of

Cedar Rapids, and the educational conference and meeting devoted to the Press were participated in by Iowa women. . . .

No paper presented during the week in Denver was received with closer attention or more enthusiastic appreciation than one read by Miss Ella M. Haas, of Dayton, Ohio, who spoke at the meeting for the consideration of phases of economic work. Miss Haas told of the work of the Factory Club, of which she is a member, and it is regretted that the entire paper cannot be given. Of the organization and object of the club, she said:

"The Woman's Century Club of the National Cash Register Company was organized in April, 1896. It differs from most of the clubs in the Federation only in this—that its membership is limited to women employed in a single great factory. It is a club, too, whose members find in it the one great educational and social influence of their lives.

"The president of the company, a well educated, broad minded man, could see far enough ahead into the working woman's life to know that what knowledge she could obtain through her work in an organized federated club would prove a lasting benefit.

"When Mr. J. H. Patterson proposed the organization of a club among the women of his factory, we thought we could hardly dare to think of such a thing. The idea of women employed largely in manual labor, even though it was skilled labor, spending any of their spare time writing papers on the financial standing of our country, or studying English history, or following the lives of some of our famous authors, or studying the economical phases of our homes—this seemed preposterous. Yet our employer's ideas and methods had been carried out so successfully in his business life that we thought it worth the trying. A club of 200 young women was therefore organized at once. Every woman employed in this company was eligible to membership. We named our club the Woman's Century Club of the N. C. R. Company. We then joined the General Federation, and in May, 1896, sent two delegates to Louisville to the third biennial, our President and myself being the fortunate delegates. My experience while there, meeting the very best women of our land—broad minded, intellectual, cultivated, ambitious women, ready to grasp every new thought, directing without suggestion from men the business

affairs of that large organization, and doing it by acknowledgment of all as well as men could do it—this, indeed, made me feel that I was in a new world.

"It is not so much of the reasons for our work as of its methods that I am to speak. Our club meets the first and third Wednesday of each month in a beautiful hall furnished us by the N. C. R. Co. We meet at 12:30 for one hour—thirty minutes of which the company gives us at its expense, the other thirty being a part of our noon hour. Through the winter months we are permitted to hold open meetings in this same hall one evening in each month. To these meetings the members may bring their gentlemen friends or may invite young men employed in the same factory, who are members of a similar society, the Progress Club. One beautiful feature about these evening socials has been the presence, without an exception, of the officers of the company with their wives. We always spend a short time in the hall with our musical and literary programme, after which we retire to the company's large, handsome dining-room where all our young women lunch each noon. Here we serve refreshments, and the remainder of the evening is spent in dancing and pleasant social enjoyment.

"To encourage this spirit of acquisition and to bring to the members the advantage of contact with those who have seen much of the world, the club is encouraged to receive and entertain prominent club women who may visit the city. I think the most delightful event of last season's work was the visit we had from the honored President of the Federated clubs, Mrs. Henrotin. She will never know how much real happiness she brought to the 200 members of our club; and the many precious thoughts she planted in our new field will surely grow and yield a good harvest.

"We have our year book ready for the coming season, and are expecting a good time next winter. Our work will be divided into literature, history, home and education."

Continuing, Miss Haas spoke in detail of the work of each department, and then made an earnest plea for a trial of the experiment in other factories. She said: "Now, I desire to put before this great body of education and intellect this problem: If this experiment has proved to be such a success in the National Cash Register Company, why cannot it be tested in other factories? I know this body of women here

represents some of the great manufacturing industries of our country, and that the influence of these women is unlimited. The whole responsibility is resting in your hands. Are you willing to call the women in the work room, that have been less fortunate than you have been, your sisters? Are you willing that they should share in this elevating educational work that they so much need? If these methods of helping humanity were carried out, how many more factory women would be fitted for better home life? Their ambitions and aims in life would be more refined. They would seek better lines of education for their children, and on and on through life could we see great good come from this work."

Miss Haas closed by emphasizing the economic value of these clubs, and spoke eloquently of the good to be accomplished by those who are willing to help advance this work among the wage earners.

So much attention is now being given to clubs of all kinds for working women that these earnest words of Mrs. Lyndon Evans may prove helpful to many: "If you are mothers, meet them as daughters; and if a sister, meet them as sisters. There is as much good in the business woman as in others. The thing to do in all places is to call together the business girls and find out what they need, and say we will go and do that with you. In Chicago the business girls come down into the business center. We have found that the best method for reaching them is by the lunch club, and there are to-day thousands of girls who have these lunches, and there are thousands that are going to have it. Another method is in the evening meeting, with cooking, dress-making, millinery classes and others. Another method is the coöperative club."

Many things have been said since the Denver meeting with regard to Massachusetts withdrawing from the General Federation, because her candidate for the Presidency was not elected, and because she did not approve the per capita tax. In view of this, we take pleasure in quoting the following from *The Club Woman*, which will settle all dispute on that point:

"Massachusetts, more than any other, was the earliest club State. Whatever may be said of the claims of Sorosis as prior to the New England Women's Club, it cannot be denied that the early

formation and growth of women's clubs flourished and waxed fat here, long before they fairly took root elsewhere. Consequently she has more old club women,—using "old" in the club sense—than any other state except New York. Club training of the sort which means a subordination of the personal to the majority, has long flourished in the old Bay State, and the Massachusetts Federation has no more idea of withdrawing from the General Federation than the moon has of withdrawing from the universe because the big calcium lights have eclipsed her in the cities.

"Most of the Massachusetts women did not believe in a ten per cent tax; most of them wanted to bring home the President. But Mrs. Lowe will have no better, no more loyal, supporters than her Massachusetts women, and the Bay State clubs will raise their ten per cent tax,—and pay it promptly too."

From Maine to California came women to attend the General Federation meeting in Denver, and now that it is over echoes from this great conference are heard from every part of the land. Whatever differences of opinion may be held on other questions, all agree that the hospitality and executive ability of the club women of Denver is unparalleled. Not only did they give freely their time and strength during the convention, but the magnificent results attained were the outcome of long months of active preparation. To such perfection were their well-laid plans brought that it is impossible to adequately express the appreciation and gratitude of those for whom this work was undertaken. The local board was a thoroughly efficient and resourceful body of women, whose plans never seemed to "go a gley," and their efforts were ably seconded by every club woman in Denver. As May blossomed into June daily committee meetings were held, and the sacrifice of personal interests which this alone involved is not to be lightly considered. When the expected guests finally arrived, it was found there were even more to be cared for than was at first supposed, and the edict of the President of the Woman's Club to "double all committees," met with prompt response.

Each separate committee should receive the gratitude and appreciation of every woman who attended the convention. It was not an easy thing to meet at the railway station a majority

of the delegates; to answer courteously and pleasantly the thousands of requests presented daily at the bureau of information; to keep "open house," at the Woman's Club rooms in Unity church, where delicious refreshments were always to be found; in a word to look carefully after the countless details necessary to the success of the convention, after the preliminary arrangements had been made.

The debt which those who were so fortunate as to attend the "Denver Biennial," owe to the club women of that city can never be repaid, except in the knowledge which is surely theirs that they will carry with them through the years to come the love and sincere gratitude of every one made happy through their generosity.

The Denver Woman's Press Club is an important organization, the members of which did very much to add to the pleasure of visiting press women. Their headquarters, in the Brown Palace Hotel, the windows of which overlooked the city and framed a magnificent view of snow-capped mountain peaks, were always open and furnished a delightful place to rest or write. Miss Minnie J. Reynolds, of the *Rocky Mountain News*, is President and Mrs. Helen Wixon, Secretary, and the club is organized along very broad lines. The constitution announces that the object of the club "shall be to advance and encourage women in literary work, to cultivate acquaintance and friendship among women of literary tastes, to secure the benefits arising from organized effort, and to drive dull care away." There are three classes of members, active, associate and honorary. Active members are those who have received money for their writings; associate members are those who could earn money by their writings if they were obliged to do so, or who "can make a good speech, tell a good story, sing a good song or otherwise add to the interest and value of the club."

Honorary members are those who, in the unanimous opinion of the club, will honor the position and who will appreciate the honor conferred.

Bars to membership are specified in the constitution and no woman can be admitted to the club who is "a, A bore; b, Who holds out news on a reporter; c, Who has not a proper respect for the power of the press; d, Who does not read your paper; e, Who cannot do something to drive dull care away."

It will be readily understood that this club is not only an especially bright club, but a very original one as well, and the woman who is elected to membership considers herself fortunate.

The papers and addresses are drawn as largely as possible from personal observation and experience, and the by-laws provide that any member found guilty of an encyclopedic paper shall be expelled from the club. The beautiful garden party given by this club during the convention was one of the most notable social events of the week, and proved the members of the Press Club delightful hostesses.

The oldest club in the State of Washington is the Women's Club of Olympia. This club has recently been active in collecting money for a suitable memorial in Dewey's honor, whose battleship, Olympia, was named after that city. A donation of 1,500 volumes has been made by the club to the city library, and fifty have been given for a circulating library.

An Indian Club of eighteen members has recently been organized near Old Town, Long Island. The name of the club is Wabanaki, and the President is an Indian woman, Mrs. Nicholas. It was admitted last year to the State Federation of Maine. Its object is to preserve the traditions of race, and customs of the Indian people, which would otherwise die out.

HOME THEMES.

HEART CULTURE.

In the training school of life there are many questioning and dissenting pupils who fail to recognize in the severity of its discipline, a means to a desirable end; many who are utterly unconscious of the fact that the mission of experience is a great and marvelous one.

It is compulsory education, so to speak, and the benefits to be derived from it are dependent upon the use or abuse of the privileges which it affords; the spirit in which its conditions are viewed and accepted.

Sooner or later we all learn that circumstance, — Byron's "evil-minded

God"—prepares the way for on-coming trials; that experience, like the pruning-knife of the gardener, severs here, and bends there, forcing us and our designs to conform to a Master-will, before whose mandates, cherished plans and fondest expectations vanish forever, leaving us to grope in the mist of tears and the gloom of disappointment and despair.

In the face of such conditions it is a matter of vital importance to each of us whether this suffering is regarded as an apportionment of our share of universal misery by a relentless Fate, or a dispensation which is designed for our eventual exaltation; and between these problems there is all the difference in the world; since in their solution we find the answer to the question: "Is life worth living?"

It is a well known fact that friction is an indispensable agent in the perfecting of jewels and precious metals, and history has demonstrated that the same is true in the development of character; that the priceless gems of truth may, through the attrition of frustrated intentions and baffled hopes, acquire a luster and brilliancy which become like a burnished tablet in the heart, upon which is reflected the divine image of an all-loving Creator.

The citadel of the emotions is the stronghold of man's higher nature and must be reinforced and protected with a watchfulness exceeding all other guardianship. We are admonished to keep it with diligence as "out of it are the issues of life."

It is not what we can gain for our exclusive use that is of importance to the great outside heart and soul-starved world; but it is what we give to alleviate this starvation which counts. Unless we have "freely received," we must ever and always remain in the position of those who, bearing the means of relief about with them, and unconscious of the nature of their possession, stand helplessly by, witnessing the useless destruction of the weak and the erring.

Our aspirations and our ideals measure our value to the world. Our convictions are the crystalization of these aims, and represent our working force or power in the great conflict against injustice and wrong; and, too, they are the inner and vital operatives which create the "new man," that being who is to become a forceful agent in securing the eventual emancipation of the sin-

enslaved and the so-called "lost" among the children of men.

Society has been degraded by the belief that by the will of God some men are debased and others exalted. Consciences have been narcotized into willing submission to a theory which eliminates personal responsibility: the "favored few" have been quite content to wear the diadems of success upon their brows, forgetful of the thorn-crowns of their brethren and the injunction of the old pagan that we should wear our jewels in our hearts.

The revolt against this teaching is becoming general and is attributable to a clearer insight into the character of Christ. He who came "to seek and to save that which was lost," to heal the sick and to preach the good tidings of hope to the down-trodden and the oppressed. Men have come at last to realize that "the universe must possess something that can care for all that lives and suffers, and that this care is detached from nature, a sympathy that belongs to the intellectual life, that makes nature its instrument and language." It is certain that there must be a Heart back of the scene.

Let us then give to this great progressive movement for the betterment of human conditions, our heartfulest approval, let us dedicate our best to its service and accept any sacrifice or discipline which may be necessary to fit us to become God-approved workmen.

Maria Weed.

OLD-FASHIONED FLOWERS.

A brown-roofed dwelling among the hills,
Where breath of clover the soft air fills,
Where in spring-time the purple lilacs bloom,
And the iris rises from lowly tomb;
The snow-ball stands by the narrow walk,
The lily nods on 'ts slender stalk,
And, glowing bright through the warm May
showers
Are the colors of gay, old-fashioned flowers.

Sunlight and moonlight alternate pass
Over long borders of ribbon-grass;
Pansies open their velvet eyes,
Watching the clouds in cerulean skies;
Vines trail over the terrace wall,
Roses blush on their branches tall,
And birds and bees through the dreamy hours
Sing and hum 'mid old-fashioned flowers.

Years creep by, but that lovely place
Wears in Mem'ry the same sweet face.
Restless footsteps afar may roam,
But the heart clings fast to its childhood's
home;
And window-garden or greenhouse fair,
Stored with tropical blossoms rare,
Can never bring to our later hours
The charm of those dear, old-fashioned
flowers.

Emma Eggleston.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

SCARCELY more than a half-year ago occurred the destruction of the Maine, in Havana harbor, Cuba. The first fierce thought of this people was vengeance. The somewhat sobered second thought was that a government evincing only anxiety to evade responsibility for the great crime committed, and only rapacious greed and barbarous cruelty in its dealings with colonial dependencies, ought not longer to be tolerated as a power over men's lives and fortunes anywhere on this Western Continent.

Other causes were assigned, in necessary diplomatic terms, such as the jeopardy to which Spain's war with the Cubans had long subjected our trade and commerce, and the lives and property of our citizens; but the real cause of our war with Spain was intense indignation over the slaughter of February 15th, coupled with a deep-seated and long-growing protest against Spanish misrule and oppression in Cuba.

On the 21st day of April, sixty-five days after the Havana harbor outrage, occurred the formal pronouncement of President McKinley that the barbarous war between Spanish authority and the insurgents in Cuba, which for years had been outraging humanity almost at our very gates, must cease. Between the lines of the President's declaration of war our people read the words, "The days of Spanish rule in America are numbered."

Then came the calls to arms, followed by quick response from every State in the Union. The embarrassment of every State Governor was one of riches. For every accepted volunteer there were dozens and scores of brave men who were compelled to wait. These men—the accepted and the held-back—offered themselves not to restore our broken trade relations with Cuba, but to right an ancient wrong and to

drive from American soil and American waters the last vestige of a race of plunderers and murderers, and of a government whose only part in the Maine investigation had been conducted with characteristic bad faith, ending in denial of apparent facts.

There is nothing in all history comparable to our nation's success in this war waged for peace—permanent peace. Think of it! A hundred and fourteen days before the signing of the protocol which prepared a sure way to peace with Spain, our soldiers actually in the field numbered scarcely twenty-seven thousand men. On the 21st day of April the flag of Spain floated over all the coast cities of Cuba, over the Philippine Islands and the Ladrões, over all of Porto Rico and other islands in our Western seas. To-day our stripes and stars float over Manila's city and harbor and the harbor of the Ladrões, over Santiago and other cities of Cuba, and is hailed with joy wherever it is raised in Porto Rico, and will soon be flung to the breeze in Cuba's capital!

And all this with almost no loss of life in battle. And this phenomenal freedom from the usual casualties of war on our side of the contention accompanied by the almost total loss of the Spanish navy—a navy of many heroic traditions and large pretensions. That an army of over two hundred thousand men was put into the field in a few weeks' time; that more than twenty thousand men were transported to one point of attack, and more than twelve thousand to another point—and that point on the other side of the globe; that our navy should have thus speedily stripped for battle and should have thus effectively waged battle; that our soldiers and sailors in this brief time were in the main well fed and clothed and otherwise well cared for, and that with the end of the war in sight a grand review of over

forty thousand men could be held in a single camp, not one of whom had been needed at the front; that at other points throughout the South and East were encamped many thousands more unused reserves—all no less brave and eager than the heroes of July 3d and of El Caney; and that these thousands in the field on call, might have been reinforced by three hundred thousand more had the President called for them; all this and much more—more than we may now name—command our profound gratitude and compel the respect and admiration of the on-looking world.

And yet, in the midst of what should be a season of general joy and thanksgiving O the perverse, downward-looking tendency of us all!—there is much written and more said by word of mouth, happily unrecorded,—in censure of some! Of some in the ranks, because, unused to war and newly acquainted with fear, they gave way to the feelings which well nigh overwhelmed even Grant himself, as he approached his first battle with Price in Missouri; others because they were too eager to go to the front, and others because they were too eager to get away after they had fought their fight; in censure of one because he was not omniscient in his care for the sick and wounded; in censure of another because in his report he did not abdicate all claim to credit for the consummation of plans matured and in the main wrought out by him; in censure of the head of the War Department because he left things to others too much, or because he interfered with the conduct of the war too much; because he gave the public too little information or because he gave too much; in censure of the President, himself, because, as some view it, he claimed of the Spaniards too much—and, because, as others view it, he claimed too little!

There may be others who would have done as well as the President; there may be hundreds of men who would have done as well as the Secretary of

War; there may possibly be a few men who would have commanded our fleet before Santiago with more of glory to the American Navy, a few hundred who would have led our armies into Santiago with more ability; there doubtless are tens of thousands of soldiers who would have fought as well as the few thousands who were under fire on the heights above Santiago. But what of that! The historic facts are in and cannot be changed by invidious comparisons, innuendoes or charges. It should be enough for us to know that there was ever present with those who were privileged to actually serve, as with those who only stood and waited for the opportunity that never came, the same strong desire to do to the utmost all things possible to the accomplishment of the desired end—victory and peace, and along with peace the end of Spanish misrule in America.

As a people we ought to be ashamed of the coward's weapon, detraction, and should unite in one voice of thanksgiving in that

"War with its million horrors and fierce hell,"

with its wasting fevers, its battle anguish, its heart-breaking telegrams listing the wounded and the dead; war with its home-desolating partings and heart-sickening delays and heart-killing fatalities, all this and infinitely more of calamity has been averted, and a glorious peace has been conquered, a peace that means not only prosperity at home but, infinitely more, good will to men, and a brighter day for poor humanity when

"Every transfer of earth's natural gifts
Shall be a commerce of good words and works"

* *

ANOTHER Englishman has gone home and written a book about us. The Hon. Henry Morris in his "Transatlantic Traits" says that "compared to a John Bull, a Yankee is a Jackanapes of a man," and that our people are "a race of cosmopolitan quadroons." There

was a time—for example in the fifties, after the appearance of Dickens's "American Notes"—when our people were painfully sensitive to English comment, just as Western Nebraska and Kansas now are touchy over any publicity given to the shriveling effects of drouth upon that arid region. But we have grown too great to take to heart any unintended injustice or any gratuitous insult which any superficial observer may put upon us.

* *

WHO but a bookworm or an antiquary would expect to find anything of real, live, human interest in the Public Records Office in London! But turn to the Calendar of Patent Rolls, 1461-1467, and near the beginning you will find a pretty picture of womanly courage and wifely devotion, and between the lines a strong suggestion of the absolute mastery of the man over the wife in that rude age—five centuries ago—a mastery which even included the recognized right of the husband to slay an offending wife. We quote from a review of the Public Records, in *The Athenæum* of July 23d: "We find Buckenham Castle, Norfolk, held against the King's officers by Alice Knyvet, who raised the drawbridge, and at the head of her garrison, shouted from a little tower, in delightful English (1461):

Malster Twyer, ye be a justice of the pees and I require you to kepe the pees for I woll not leve the possession of this castell to dye therefore, and if ye begyn to breke the pees or make any warre to gete the place of me I shall defende me, for lever I had in such wyse to dye than to be slayne when my husband cometh home, for he charget me to kepe it.

* *

"A POPULAR American author" declared not long ago, says *Literature*, that out of hundreds of reviews that greeted the appearance of one of his novels, he found less than a half-dozen that were worth serious consideration. Mr. Henry James also finds very little serious and profound book criticism in America. The fact is that in America

we permit no literary "Pope Jeffreys" to first pass upon the books intended for our reading. The most we want is a fair outline of a book's contents, that we may know whether or not it traverses a theme that interests us, and, in a general way, an opinion as to its treatment of the theme. Should any critic, in any of our publications that make a specialty of book reviews, take himself—that is, his own judgments, or his mission,—as seriously as certain English critics regard themselves and their "sacred calling as interpreters for the masses," he would very soon hear an admonitory word from the editor of that publication, or at least a suggestion that he was working too hard and needed relaxation.

* *

THERE'S a panic in the editorial rooms of some of the leading war-feature magazines. Pigeon-holes full of war matter, and the war over!

* *

THE recently published "Wordsworth and Coleridge MSS" is a revelation to our inspirational poets as to the degree of thought and painstaking work bestowed by the Lake Country poets on the poems which have made their names immortal.

* *

THE recent war is doing for our democratic America what Walt Whitman years ago proposed to do for us single-handed and alone:

I will make the continent indissoluble,
I will make the most splendid race the sun
ever shone upon,
I will make divine magnetic lands,
With the love of comrades,
With the life-long love of comrades,
I will plant companionship thick as trees
along all the rivers of America.

* *

FOLLOWING Whitman further, we note him watching that Broadway pageant, "the swart-cheeked, two-sworded envoys, leaning back in their open barouches, bare-headed, impassive,"—the first Japanese Embassy that visited this country, in 1860. The

scene brings to this dreamer's mind a vision of the future and of his beloved America's part in it. Inspired by the vision, he sings:

I chant the world on my Western sea,
I chant copious the islands beyond, thick as
stars in the sky.
I chant the new empire grander than any
before, as in a vision it comes to me,
I chant America the mistress, I chant a
greater supremacy;
I chant projected a thousand blooming cities
yet in time on those groups of sea islands
My sail-ships and steam-ships threading the
Archipelagoes,
My stars and stripes fluttering in the wind,
Commerce opening, the sleep of ages having
done its work, races reborn, refresh'd,
Lives, works resumed—the object I know
not—but the old, the Asiatic, renewed as
it must be,
Commencing from this day surrounded by
the world.

* *

IN A paper recently read before the Iowa Commandery of the Loyal Legion and since bound in pamphlet form for preservation, Capt. E. D. Hadley ably and, we think, successfully refutes several popular errors relative to the Battle of Cedar Creek. These errors, embodied in the popular war poem, "Sheridan's Ride," are in substance that Sheridan, after a twenty-mile ride from Winchester, found Gen. Wright's Eighth Corps demoralized and panic-stricken, and, seeing the situation at a glance,

"Striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line 'mid a storm of
huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course
there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to
pause."

Captain Hadley quotes authority upon authority, Union and Confederate, to prove that we have been letting poets and romancers write the history of the Battle of Cedar Creek, pleased that the story as told is dramatic. He shows that Sheridan was only eleven miles away; but the distance traversed is of no moral consequence; also that the Eighth Corps was about five miles, not seven, from the parapets of the

First Division; but that is only an unimportant matter as viewed from the standpoint of this discussion. The real question: Did the retreat become a panic? is fully answered and this writer's conclusion is that "though the army was surprised before daylight and was driven back after a stubborn resistance, or went back for tactical reasons; it was not routed." But this writer would not detract from Sheridan's great fame. He concludes that "the true story of the day will reveal Sheridan in a grand and admirable rôle, which, for the permanence of his well deserved fame won on many other fields, needs no exaggeration of his achievements at the expense of others."

GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Mr. Howells, in his American letter to *Literature*, July 16th, says Bellamy, of Looking Backward fame, virtually founded the Populist party, "which, as the vital principle of the Democratic party, came so near electing its candidate for the Presidency two years ago; and he is to be named first among our authors who have dealt with politics on their more human side since the days of the old anti-slavery agitation."

Prof. Isaac Loos, of Iowa State University, has made a valuable contribution to political science by a work on "The Political Philosophy of Aristotle" issued by the American Academy of Political and Social Science, as one of its series of publications. It traverses the theories of the first great philosopher on the origin of the State and the constitution and administration of the State. It also develops Plato's ideal State.

William Allen White is treading upon dangerous ground, but thus far safely. He has another Boyville story in the August *McClure*. The Kansan seems to have reserves.

Dr. Nichol tells us George Eliot was coarse, egotistical, unamiable, and altogether unlovely; but a lady in the *Westminster Gazette* says George Eliot was modest, free from self-assertion, tolerant, loving, compassionate, helpful and altogether lovely. It is easier to believe the lady was right. When in doubt about character, give the accused the benefit of the doubt.

Mr. Quiller-Couch says he pronounces the second installment of his name "Cooch," but he can only prevail on a few friends outside of Cornwall to believe in this pronunciation. Cowper had the same difficulty. He called himself Cooper. "Popular pronunciation, like George Stephenson's locomotive, make it bad for the 'coo.'"

The *Critic* tells us that the scenes in and about Olancho in Mr. Davis's clever story, "Soldiers of Fortune" are scenes in and about Santiago de Cuba. When he was a boy, Mr. Davis spent two springs in Santiago with the president of the company that then worked the mines at Juragua. In his story he takes these places as its background.

Bowdoin College has conferred the degree now popular in the East, that of Doctor of Letters, upon Mr. Herbert Putnam, Librarian of the Boston Public Library, ex-librarian of the Minneapolis Public Library, and the outgoing President of the American Library Association.

Mr. Howells thinks Miss Jewett might be the Jane Austen of Portsmouth if she were of a little longer breath than she has yet shown herself in fiction.

Frederic Harrison, in *The Nineteenth Century*, and in the *Writer* for August, says many good things on Style. The best things said are corrective rather than promotive. To Mr. Harrison, style is too often "the art of clothing thin ideas in well-made garments." To gain skill in expression before he has got thoughts or knowledge to express is somewhat premature; and to waste in the study of form those irrevocable years which should be absorbed in the study of things, is mere decadence and fraud.

Sainte-Beuve says: "All peasants have style." They speak as nature prompts. They have never learned to play with words; they have picked up no tricks, mannerisms and affectation."

Mr. Harrison finds nothing more irritating in print than the iteration of slang and stale phrases. He urges writers never to quote anything that is not apt and new. "Those stale citations of well worn lines give us a cold shudder, as does a pun at a dinner party."

He would have the young study the best writers, but not imitate them. He names Swift, Hume, Goldsmith, Thackeray, Froide, and Defoe as models of good, unaffected English.

Martin A.S. Hume, in his contribution to "Among My Books," in *Literature* of August 6th, says that aphorisms have had their day, and that the birthday books of quotations and the many "Beauties of —," made up of the wise saws of popular authors, have come to be regarded as a poor compliment to the authors. "He studies best who assimilates the contents of a book in a way which enables him to reformulate the essence of its teaching in his own words." It is the spirit rather than the form of words that we should retain.

AMONG THE MAGAZINES.

In the July *Temple Bar*, London, is a vivid sketch of "A Prairie Fire" near Le Mars, in Northwestern Iowa.

Frank Lee Farnall is tired of editing *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly* and Mrs. Leslie will try her hand. It is reported that the *Popular* will be cut down to the ten-cent pattern, its publisher hoping thus to make it more popular.

Walter L. Page is now full-fledged editor of *The Atlantic*, and Horace E. Scudder, former editor, has been relegated to literary work for Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Mr. Scudder took a vacation, about a year ago, and *The Atlantic* at once began to improve. Mr. Page has less ability to write books and enjoys fewer scholarly attainments; but he has his ear to the ground while Mr. Scudder's head is in the clouds.

Lyman W. Denton, of Minneapolis, rests from his arduous labors as poetry promoter for *The New Race*, Chicago.

TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

As you correspond with contributors through the columns of your magazine, I would like to know whether you think I have any genius as a writer of verse.

If compelled to judge from the poem sent with your request, we would have to say no

Received returned manuscript. Now I do not wish to be persistent and annoying, nor to take space unmerited, in your excellent magazine, but if at all meritorious I shall be much pleased to see the enclosed published in your September number, it being too late for the August. I published it to-day in our journal, but would like to see it in your monthly in my home town.

You mistake our purpose in publishing a magazine. We do not print matter that has before appeared in public print. Compelled to return many manuscripts which are extremely meritor-

ious, but not just what we want for our immediate needs, we cannot afford to publish any manuscript that is "at all meritorious" simply to please a friend, or to gratify a natural desire on his part to have his friends in his home town see his contribution in the magazine.

How would you like a review of the works of Longfellow or Lowell? I'd like to try my hand at something of that sort.

Would suggest that you try your 'pre-

tice hand on something less exacting than the work you propose. Then, again, the works of Lowell and those of Longfellow have already commanded the best critical talent of our time. Unless you have made a thorough and exhaustive study of those authors and have reached conclusions distinctly your own which you are prepared to present and defend against all comers, you had best not enter an arena in which trained giants have contended for supremacy.

THE MIDLAND BOOK TABLE.

Mrs. Humphry Ward is ever bold, habitually choosing theme from which most other novelists draw back. Her latest novel, "Helbeck of Bannisdale"* is a story of love at war with conscience, education and habits of life; and the inevitable result is a tragedy. The scene is laid in Westmoreland. Helbeck is a Roman Catholic of the severest type, a gentleman of fine instincts, an aristocrat by birth. Laura Fountain is the daughter of an anti-Catholic free-thinker whose death compels her and her stepmother to find a home in Bannisdale. Antagonistic from the outset, each interests the other and with the usual end, a love affair, which promises little but unhappiness to both. The pathos of the story as developed in the second volume is equaled only by that of David Grieve's unhappy love; but there is no touch of actual sin in this. Throughout the story one moves along a high plane, coming down to low levels only incidentally, as in Laura's contact with her relations, the Masons. The contrast of characters in Helbeck and Laura, and again in Laura and Polly; the godlike sympathy induced by the author for both the ascetic churchman and the self-willed, but always charming, heretic; the author's poetic sympathy with nature and the fine artist touch with which we are made to see that wild west-coast region,—these are the chief charms of Mrs. Ward's latest novel. We cannot read the story without new respect and admiration for one who can so tactfully traverse dangerous ground, and for one who can so well sustain to the last the reader's interest in the development of a purpose so serious, namely, to point the hard old moral,

that "home-keeping hearts are happiest," and that they who, in loving, stray very far away from the teachings and experiences of their whole previous lives, do not as a rule love wisely.

Once in a while, as one walks through a forest of corn, there rises above the ghostly rustle a pure note of bird music, too sweet to last long—all too soon drowned in discordant notes of men and boys and distant machinery and cries of birds that do not sing. So as one turns over the leaves of the pretty little book fancifully named "Corn Tassels,"* a book of verse by the Lincoln, Nebraska, poet, William Reed Dunroy, he finds here and there a rare note of poetry that thrills and delights.

Many of the poems in this book have appeared in this magazine, the *Youth's Companion* and other periodicals. The best of these are those which picture the solemn stillness of the prairie, the music of woods and streams, and the strong loves of silent men.

"Historic Houses and Spots in Cambridge, Mass., and Near-by Towns,"† by J. W. Freese, is a curiously interesting book to students of our colonial and revolutionary history and to all who are interested in the early homes of New England, from which have emanated those qualities now recognized as peculiarly American, which give us strength at home and command for us respect abroad. The work includes, besides Cambridge, more than twenty other towns in which there are ancient landmarks of interest. About fifty illustrations add greatly to the reader's pleasure.

*The Ivy Press, Lincoln, Neb.

†Ginn & Company.

*Macmillan, 2 vols., \$2.

OSTEOPATHY--SCIENCE OF DRUGLESS HEALING.

BY OPIE READ.

MAN constantly finds something new about himself, and it is thus that the world moves. From the dawn of time he has been his own study, and is even yet a mine of mystery unto himself. We reverence the past, soft in a mellow light, and yet we know that the schoolboy of today is wiser than the sage of the long ago. Theory becomes science, and science resolves itself into a commonplace fact, and we wonder that we were so slow to accept so manifest a truth. We study ourselves, indeed, but sometimes we are loth to credit our own intelligence. It is our reverence for the old. A great orator when asked how he would go about toward the betterment of the world, replied that he would make good health catching instead of disease. Good health is catching. Good health is natural. Nature's aim is to be free from disease. What mockery is there in the saying that a man of thirty died a natural death. To die before extreme old age is most unnatural. There is something wrong with the running of a machine that wears out too soon. An observant machinist can repair the evil. Man is a machine, and recently there has come into notice a school of machinists to regulate the machine man—Osteopathy. Most cheerfully do I subscribe to this science. I have felt the benefit of it, and I honestly believe it to be one of the most wonderful discoveries of any age. If my voice, though limited in range, may help the suffering, it is my duty to lift it. My associates know that I am a firm believer in Osteopathy, and they

know that I here set down what I conceive to be the truth. I have no fear of writing a "puff;" I have no edge to whet, no "graft" to gather. In my humble way I am as earnest as Joseph Medill was when he advocated, in his great newspaper, the benefits of the Keeley Cure. Every man, not wholly vicious, would like to aid the suffering. The fear of advertising a public blessing is an evil.

During more than a year I have been interested in Osteopathy. My attention was first called to it by a friend whose wife had been cured of insanity. To me the name was misleading. I did not suppose that it was one of the branches of faith science, as there can be but little of bone in faith, and yet I didn't see just what part the average bone played in the disarrangement of the mind. Closely following I knew of a prominent man who had been cured of paralysis. Shortly afterward with Colonel Vischer, I was in Frankfort, Ky., to take part in an entertainment. I was suffering with grip. The legislature was in session. I heard that in the hotel there was an Osteopath who had come to look after a bill that had been introduced in the house. I was too ill to get out of bed. I sent for him, and with one treatment he cured me. Still, this might have been a mere happening. But it was not a mere happening when later I was made to feel better than I had felt for years, when I underwent a complete physical regeneration at the Illinois College of Osteopathy. And now I have added reading to observation. I find that

OSTEOPATHY—SCIENCE OF DRUGLESS HEALING.



Photo by Root, Chicago.

LIDA E. GREEN, M. D., D. O., PRESIDENT.

some of the greatest physicians have indorsed this wonderful departure in the treatment of disease, some of them unconsciously. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, dear to American letters, a graduate of Harvard, a medical man of renown, a professor of anatomy and physiology in Dartmouth, once declared that mankind had been drugged to death, that the world would be better off if the contents of every apothecary shop were emptied into the sea, though the consequences to

the fishes would be lamentable. Surgery is a great and exact science, in some of its branches, but medicine has retained too much of the ancient conjurer's methods. It was also Holmes, I believe, who said: "The disgrace of medicine has been that colossal system of self-deception in obedience to which mines have been emptied of their cankering minerals, the entrails of animals taxed for their impurities, the poisonous bags of reptiles drained of their venom, and all

OSTEOPATHY—SCIENCE OF DRUGLESS HEALING.

the inconceivable abominations thus obtained, thrust down the throats of human beings suffering from some fault of organization, nourishment or vital stimulation."

Here is a claim made by the Osteopath, and no man can successfully refute it. With infinite labor he properly adjusts the bones, normalizes and puts the misfit muscles into their

traces, reduces false pressures, stimulates, relaxes, or desensitizes the network of nerves that control the functions of every organ of the body. He frees the forces and currents. Nerve centers are manipulated by manual pressure, so that by stimulating or desensitizing he controls the heart's action. Thus by retarding or quickening the heart and the nervous cur-



Photo by Root, Chicago.

D. E. KERR, SECRETARY-TREASURER.

OSTEOPATHY—SCIENCE OF DRUGLESS HEALING.

rents, the operator can regulate the action of the stomach, bowels, liver, pancreas, kidneys and other organs. By pressure on the vasometer center which controls the caliber of the arteries, he reduces the temperature of fevers several degrees in as many minutes.

In my reading I have come across certain tenets of this great healing school, some of which I transcribe, believing from investigation that they are true.

Medicine continues to point with pride to the ingenuity and bewildering complexity of its theories; Osteopathy asks the public to look at results.

Osteopathy is a system of healing by manual operations without the aid of drugs or stimulants.

Nine-tenths of the diseases which come to the Osteopath are treated first by stimulating the nerves of the excretory organs of the system for the purpose of cleaning up the dirty house within which the human soul dwells.

The principles of the science can be comprehended only by those who are familiar with anatomy and physiology. Osteopathic practice cannot be explained in print or by word of mouth.

The chief cause of disease is due to mechanical obstruction to natural functions. There is some displacement, enlargement, obstruction or abnormality of bone, muscle, ligament, or some unnatural pressure upon a nerve or blood vessel.

With an accurate knowledge of anatomy, Osteopathy deals with the human body as an intricate machine, which, if kept in proper adjustment, nourished and cared for, will run smoothly into a ripe, useful old age.

Osteopaths believe that every living organism has within it, as its special

gift from God, the power to manufacture and prepare all the chemicals, materials and forces needed to build and repair; together with all the machinery and apparatus required to do this work in the most perfect manner. Osteopathy claims that no longer will suffering humanity be compelled to quaff noxious draughts and flinch under the cruel knife of the surgeon in efforts to seek relief from disease. Osteopathy is the new healing science, the science of healing without drugs. Among its followers are the most prominent people of the world.

I am quoting freely, and with but little care as to arrangement, but with a desire to set forth the "platform" of the school. I have at hand hundreds of testimonials, from the most trustworthy of sources, but this science needs no testimony except an illustration of its own principles. All that truth needs is a light thrown upon it. But man is hedged about by traditions, by adherence to a constant experiment that has come down through the ages, the belief that to swallow drugs puts him on the road to health. The little mind is slow to accept a great but simple truth. The world loves to be tricked.

"You have a great industry in your town," said a stranger to a village philosopher, pointing to a tall chimney from which a constant smoke was pouring. "Yes," replied the philosopher, "a great factory built upon the credulous hope of aches and pains—it is a patent medicine laboratory."

Recently I heard a farmer say that patent medicines for his family cost him more than his taxes. Taxes upon his land and taxes upon his ignorance; and yet he is not much worse off than the man who is constantly swallowing drugs prescribed by regular physicians. Both are victims of a time-worn error. "But medicine has made great discoveries within the past few

OSTEOPATHY—SCIENCE OF DRUGLESS HEALING.



L. M. ELLIS, M. D., D. O., LECTURER AND
DEMONSTRATOR OF APPLIED ANATOMY.

years," remarks the believer in doses. Yes, it has discovered new ills that it cannot cure. It has presented man with Bright's disease. "Oh, we know what's the matter with you," it says with a satisfied smile; "our progress teaches us that." "But can you cure me?" the wretched creature asks. "Well, now, that's another question, but we've got your disease down fine." What does Osteopathy say? It says that the machinery is out of order, that the wires are crossed, and then it proceeds to regulate the machine.

Of course the doctors fought it; it couldn't possibly do any harm, but they fought it. In different legislatures they introduced bills against it. But the law has been compelled to recognize it. In the Kentucky general assembly an old fellow who had



RECEPTION ROOM.

OSTEOPATHY—SCIENCE OF DRUGLESS HEALING.

been asked to vote for a bill prohibiting the practice of Osteopathy in Kentucky, got up and said:

"It's all very well, gentlemen, to fight against dangerous things, but I can't stand with you on this occasion. For more than two years I lay a helpless invalid, under the care of every doctor in the community, first and last; but along came Osteopathy and cured me. Therefore I'll ask you to excuse me."

A school of Osteopathy ought to be established at every health resort in the country. The government ought to see that one is established at Hot Springs. It is worth all the curative waters in the world. It is almost an instant freedom from weariness. It is the champagne of nature. It destroys the appetite for drink, not



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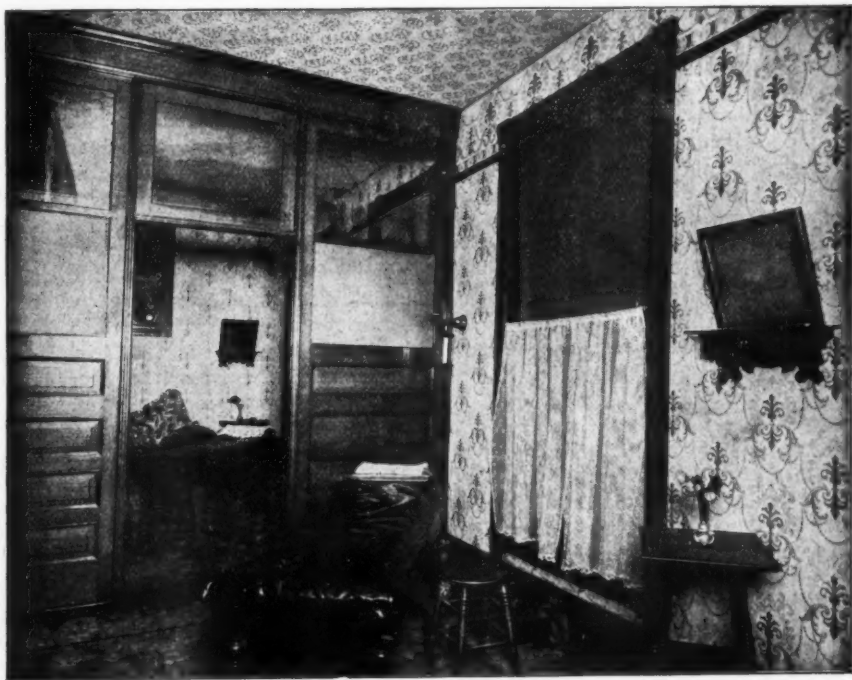


ISABEL M. DAVENPORT, M. D., D. O.—
GYNAECOLOGY AND OBSTETRICS.

in cases of confirmed dipsomania, but in cases of nervous prostration.

"You are a crank on that subject," was said to a believer in the new science. "Yes," he replied, "and I am doing my friends a good turn."

So thoroughly convinced am I of the scientific principles involved in this work that I have no hesitancy in saying that I believe no physician is thoroughly competent without a knowledge of this science. I have seen and talked with some who have investigated, and all these acknowledge its genuineness. The time will come, I feel, when they will fully appreciate its merits, and strive to increase their proficiency in the healing art by acquiring a knowledge of a principle so necessary to them in their profession. They owe this to them-



TWO OPERATING ROOMS.

selves for the sake of their future success, and they owe it to the cause of humanity, whose disciples they profess to be.

I have been taking treatment at the Illinois College of Osteopathy, at 167 Dearborn street, and of this place I speak from experience. And I would recommend any man, not too old, who is dissatisfied with his profession—I would advise every physician to study Osteopathy. It is spreading so rapidly that it is with difficulty that enough operators can be obtained. It is the best field now open to the youth starting in life, and I hope that this will fall under the eye of many a country boy, strong and intelligent, who feels himself fitted for something better than digging in the ground. I recall the following from a conversation which I held with D. E. Kerr, Secretary of the Illinois College of Osteopathy:

"We are the only Osteopathic College that teaches actual dissection. The foundation of Osteopathy is acknowledged by every Osteopathic practitioner to be anatomy, and it is impossible to have a good knowledge of anatomy without dissection, and we are the only Osteopathic College that teaches it. This is a strong point. We have raised the grade in the practice and teaching of Osteopathy, and it is so acknowledged almost universally. We are in a position to do it, and the benefits that a city like Chicago afford a student that goes out into the world to meet the emergencies of practice are far beyond what they are in a small inland town where it is almost a punishment to reside.

"Another great advantage, enjoyed by no other Osteopathic College, is that arrangements have just been completed whereby each student is required to assist and give attendance upon at least six cases of accouchment, and attend Cook County Hos-

pital clinics. Attendance of students upon the morgue at Cook County Hospital brings to view the varied interrelations of the internal organs in more cases than the student is permitted to see in any other city in the United States.

"Materia medica and therapeutics will not be taught the first year. The true physician, whatever is his 'pathy,' must be able to detect in emergencies, alcohol narcosis from opium and ptomaine poisoning; the convulsions of strychnine from those of hysteria and epilepsy, must know the antidotes for these and other poisons. Therefore, the course of materia medica and therapeutics, toxicology and urinary analysis is also essential to the Osteopath, and is taught in no other Osteopathic College."

The photographs herewith presented are likenesses of a few among the many competent teachers and operators at the infirmary where I was treated, and I feel it a pleasure to introduce them as thorough, practical thinkers and workers. The institution is thoroughly equipped in every department, and the large corps of instructors and operators are eminently qualified for the duties assigned them. "Thoroughness in every detail" is the watchword, and, under the strict discipline maintained, combined with the practical and skillful instruction given, the student makes rapid progress. In the infirmary, as well as the school room, "thoroughness" is insisted upon, and as a result permanent cures are effected more speedily than at any similar institution. This appreciation of the value of "thoroughness" has been very gratifying in its results, gaining for the institution an enviable reputation with both patients and students.

These facts I have given for the benefit of anyone intending looking

OSTEOPATHY—SCIENCE OF DRUGLESS HEALING.



**ARTHUR S. WASHBURN, D. O.—CLINICAL
AND PRACTICAL OSTEOPATHY.**

into the study of Osteopathy. It is of no interest to the average reader, but may be vital to a young man casting about for a career. And there is no profession at the present time that offers equal facilities for quickly acquiring financial independence as that offered by Osteopathy. All the colleges of manual therapeutics combined can not nearly meet the requirements for accomplished proficient operators. At present six states legally recognize this wonderful new science of healing.

Conservative professional minds, those most competent to judge, declare that the future possibilities of Osteopathy, in a financial way, are unsurpassed. In all the "pathies" in the history of the curative art, there never has been an equal in its rapid dissemination. We know that the



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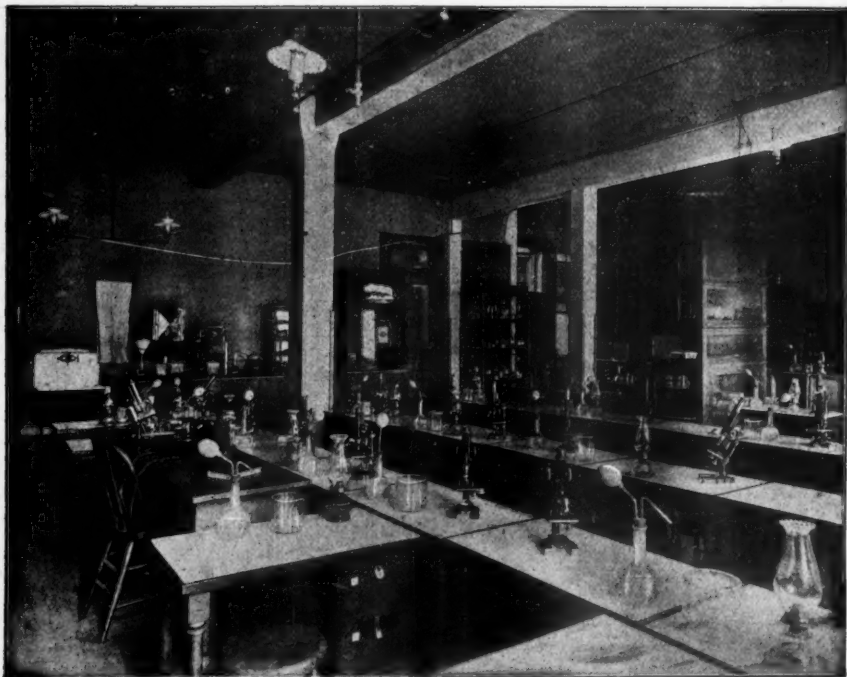
OSTEOPATHY—SCIENCE OF DRUGLESS HEALING.

leading schools have been so overwhelmed with applicants that thoroughness of Osteopathic teaching has been sadly neglected. The financial rewards have been too promising, and in consequence half-taught teachers, and half-trained operators, and poorly equipped schools have been too frequently the result, and the law should certainly look after the pretenders in this field of practice as well as in the old branches of medicine. It is true that the indifferently educated Osteopath is not nearly so dangerous as our old and familiar friend, the quack, yet he stands in the way of the skillful operator and, therefore, ought to be restrained.

Within a short time all prejudice against Osteopathy will have vanished. In every state the new healing dis-



MINA W. GRAY, D. O.—CLINICAL DEMONSTRATOR.



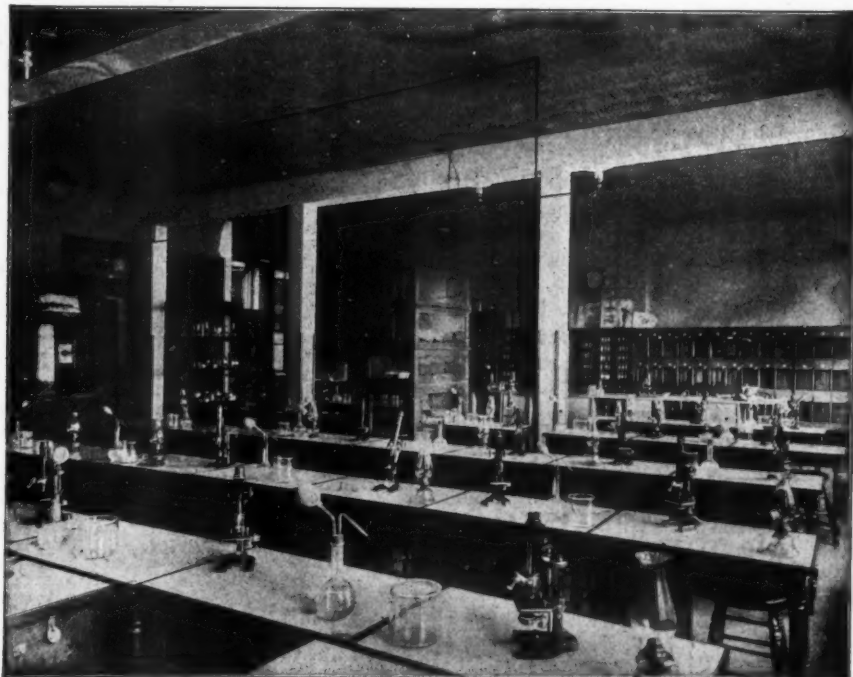
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OSTEOPATHY—SCIENCE OF DRUGLESS HEALING.

covery will be strongly rooted, to thrive under the spread of intelligence. It will never be a fad, for that would be like decking common sense with a ribbon; it will be the recourse of the wise. The man shut up in his office will find that he need no longer suffer from nervousness, the victim of overwork will learn that within a few moments he can be freed from weariness, and the farmer will cease to exchange eggs for patent medicines.

Health is the inheritance of man, and should be jealously guarded. Without it the wealth of Midas is but as dross, while with it a man is rich, though he be a beggar. This being granted it goes without saying that the public should eagerly investigate any new discovery that may be made

in the art of healing, and Osteopathy if thus carefully investigated will surely commend itself to the average person. While its methods are a radical departure from the principles which have heretofore been accepted as the basis of medical practice, if the matter is only looked at without prejudice, and the human body be regarded as but a complex machine, it will be seen at once that Osteopathy is perfectly reasonable and rational. The general public has come to regard the healing art and drugs as inseparable, and naturally a science that claims to heal without the use of drugs comes as a surprise, but it should be remembered that all sciences have been making rapid strides, and it seems unreasonable to



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OSTEOPATHY—SCIENCE OF DRUGLESS HEALING.



Photo by Root, Chicago.

HELEN L. RYERSON, D. O.—ASSISTANT
IN CLINICS.

suppose that the profession of medicine should be practiced today as it was hundreds of years ago. Yet this is practically the case with the old-school doctors and their adherents.

If a muscle or bone is out of its proper place all the drugs in creation will be useless in restoring it to its proper position. Nature, who like a beneficent mother, is constantly striving to correct the derangements in the human body, may succeed in overcoming the difficulty unaided, but it will be in spite of the drugs used rather than as the effect of their use. The skillful Osteopath, knowing the correct position of every part of the human frame, can discern at once any

abnormality, and by intelligent manipulation is enabled to correct it.

To the superficial observer Osteopathy and massage may seem to be identical, but in reality they are as wide apart as the poles.

Dr. Austin Flint made use of the following words in one of his lectures to a class of students:

"The young doctor in his first year's practice gives more medicine than he will in the next two. He will give more in the first five than in the next twenty. It is a fact that the better the physician, the less medicine he will give, and I suppose when we become perfect we will give none."

Viewed from later developments these words of the doctor's seem almost prophetic.



ROGER K. WILLIAMS, D. O.—PRINCIPLES
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In a pictorial way THE MIDLAND MONTHLY has advanced greatly of late and now ranks well with almost any of

the cheaper magazines. It is really a better magazine than nine-tenths of them, and with trimmed edges would do something through the trade.—*The Book and News Dealer.*

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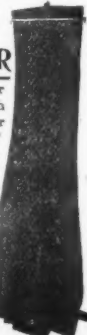
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Publisher's Notes—Continued.

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We highly prize our own Iowa magazine, THE MIDLAND MONTHLY. We have the numbers bound from the first issue. We desire it to succeed.—Free Press Publishing Co., per J.A. Throop.

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